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The Week

PREMIER POINCARÉ'S note to the powers amounts practically to a proposal that no further negotiations with Soviet Russia shall be entered upon. It demands that as a preliminary step the Soviet government must acknowledge all the debts of the old régime, both the pre-war and the war debts, and that it must restore unconditionally all property belonging formerly to foreigners, except that where this is physically impossible it must offer compensation on terms agreed upon between Russia and the foreign claimants, or settled by arbitration. In return for these concessions France offers absolutely nothing but a certificate of moral approval which may or may not induce private individuals to extend credit to the Russian government or to associations organized under it. How scant a prospect there would be of any such extension of credit may be deduced from the following considerations. The debts to be assumed by the Soviet government are vast enough to absorb its credit as completely as the indemnity has absorbed the credit of Germany. Even if the Soviet government were absolutely stable no prudent investor would extend credits on top of such a mass of obligations. But the acceptance of such onerous conditions in exchange for purely derisive benefits would wreck the prestige of the Soviet government and make its fall inevitable. Nor is there any reason for thinking that it would be succeeded by a conservative régime with which foreign investors would care to do business. Poincaré's policy is not a policy of peace, but a policy of war.

MANY Americans are no doubt of the opinion that Poincaré's view, though unrealistic and futile, rests upon some sort of abstract justice. French nationals in good faith invested their money in Russia, and their title, it is assumed, is as good as that of private property owners anywhere. This, however, in entirely to overlook the circumstances in which France became an investor in Russia. In order to maintain her position as a great power against a Germany growing ever more powerful, France had not only to ally herself with Russia, but to make whatever sacrifices might be necessary to equip Russia with munitions, armament industries, strategic railways. For the furtherance of its political designs, the French government placed the saving power of the French people at the disposal of the Russian Tsar. And no one will say that the policy was not justified from the nationalistic French point of view. If the French had not built up the Russian power it would have been the Kaiser, not Clemenceau, who dictated the terms of peace. The French already have the fruits of their investment in Alsace Lorraine restored and in the French military hegemony of Europe. That is, of course, no reason why they should not try to get their money out of Russia, too. But in their zeal to get it they strove to thrust aside the present rulers of Russia and set up a régime they could depend on. They made war, openly and ruthlessly, upon the Soviet government and

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were beaten. And therewith they threw a heavy cloud over their claim to compensation. War does not necessarily extinguish private rights, but whether such rights are to be revived after war depends on the terms of settlement. And where neither party is subjugated, settlements run in terms of quid pro quo.

OFFICIALLY the retirement of Mr. Bakhmetieff has no bearing upon the Russian policy of our State Department. Practically, however, it has an important bearing. It is the final acknowledgment of the absurdity of the assumption on which the Wilson-Hughes Russian policy was based. This assumption was that the defunct Kerensky government was somehow truly representative of the Russian people, and in falling fell only into temporary eclipse. All the rest of the world abandoned that assumption three years ago. It was perfectly plain that whatever might come out of the Russian revolution, the restoration of the Kerensky party was among the excluded possibilities. Mr. Hughes may oppose recognition of the Soviet government as vigorously as before, but he will find it increasingly difficult to delude himself with the notion that his opposition means the positive support of another and more satisfactory régime. He will have to content himself with the position of an apostle of negation. How he can ever get out of that position we do not know, unless Mr. Bakhmetieff, who is, we believe, a talented and versatile gentleman, with more patriotism in his make-up than partisan obstinacy, returns from Europe to impart the discovery that the Soviet government has a great admiration for Mr. Hughes and means to incorporate his precepts in its revised constitution. The Soviets and Mr. Bakhmetieff are capable of rigging up something of the sort, and Mr. Hughes is capable of being taken in by it.

INTERNATIONAL bankers had been asked to find a way for floating a German loan, to enable Germany to put her house in some sort of order and begin adequate payments on reparations. Apparently the security contemplated by M. Poincaré was in the nature of a second mortgage on Germany's resources, with the reparations claim representing the first mortgage. But the bankers are not satisfied. They not only insist that the reparations claim exhausts all the security there is, but hint that not even a juggling of priorities will do any good so long as the indemnity is so heavy as to require military occupation and threats of punitive expeditions to enforce it. Before the bankers will talk business the indemnity has to be cut to about fifty billion gold marks. The New York Times will have no difficulty in determining the origin of the bankers' views. They are practically the views that the liberals have been expressing, in season and out, ever since the Treaty of Versailles was published. Even the figure of fifty billion marks has been the favorite outside liberal estimate of what Germany was able to pay. The bankers are merely parroting the liberals in dwelling on the futility of an indemnity which requires constant application of military force to collect it. Where did the liberals get their views of the question, in the first place? The theory of the Times was that those views sprang from pro-Germanism and Bolshevism. Accordingly the Times will either have to join with Tom Watson and Bob LaFollette in denouncing the international bankers, or turn its coat and do an about face. "Jack be nimble; Jack be quick."

THE retirement of Hsu Shih-chang as president of China and the expected accession of Li Yuan-hung bring equilibrium nearer in China. The elimination of President Hsu has long been deemed by every element in the country to be indispensable to unification. He has been a source of contention since his election by a corruptly trumped-up parliament in 1918, and by intriguing now with one faction and now another and doing the bidding of any military leader who promised to continue him in office he has made for constant turmoil. The recall of Li Yuan-hung is an effort to recover a position of legality for the central government. Li was the republic's first vice-president and succeeded legally to the presidency on the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai, remaining in office until he was driven out by a military conspiracy in 1917. He is a man of little force of character and no qualities of leadership, but he is universally credited with integrity and sincerity and holds public confidence. His chief contribution will be that he will not make use of the presidency as an instrument of political advantage for any one party, as it generally has been used. And there is no other candidate who would not arouse the hostility of so many factions as to make renewed hostilities certain.

ANOTHER factor making for equilibrium is the turn of events in South China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen has been pressed to withdraw his claim to the presidency simultaneously with the retirement of President Hsu in order to clear the ground for a fresh start under a united government. Thus far he has refused, as usual, though his chief reason for setting up an independent government has been the illegality of President Hsu's government and the

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lack of a legal parliament. The latter objection Wu Pei-fu has met by the recall of the old parliament, Dr. Sun's own body. However, Chen Chiung-ming, governor of Kwangtung province and Dr. Sun's chief military support, has turned against him and insists on his resignation in the interests of national unity. With Chen Chiung-ming are several other Southern generals, most of those who refused to follow Dr. Sun in his ill-starred alliance with the defeated pro-Japanese general, Chang Tso-lin, and Sun is being forced into a position of untenable isolation. His military campaign against Kiangsi province need not be regarded as important. It is an effort by a military success to bolster up his crumbling prestige and if necessary, in case he is driven out of his capital in Canton by Chen Chiung-ming, to give him a new base. But in Kiangsi he cannot be a serious factor, even if he refuses to support the new government.

THE jail sentence passed on Charles R. Crane by a French military court in Syria, while he was being entertained there by high officials, is comedy, but comedy that conceals tragedy. The tragedy affects not him, but all the mixed peoples of that region, as he pointed out at Paris, in the blood and treasure demanded by the effort of allied Europe to partition the former Ottoman Empire into mandated areas, really spheres for commercial exploitation. From personal study and interest, and as head of an official mission sent out by Mr. Wilson in 1919, Mr. Crane possesses a basic grasp of the Near Eastern question. He has gained the confidence of the racial elements in Syria not directly in the hands of the French exploiting authorities. He has advocated justice for all elements of the population, and sent to be educated in the United States certain young natives, irrespective of race or creed. He has dared on the spot to stand for the truth. A similar "incident" would have been quite possible in Palestine, were not the British there more appreciative of American viewpoints and characters; and in the Smyrna area, had not the Greeks their hands too full with the Nationalist Turks. A representative of General Gouraud, French Commander-in-Chief in Cilicia and Syria, said to an American official at Constantinople in 1919: "All the troubles that we have had in our sphere in the Near East have been well-deserved. We have no right there, anyway, on the present basis. Our presence is the doing of Paris politicians, who feel that France must compete with the selfish commercial designs of England out here. Our destiny in the Mediterranean lands lies southward, into Africa, not eastward into Asia." The French, too, know in their hearts that Mr. Crane is right.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY, in his address before the Illinois Bar Association, expressed the view that the states ought to relieve the federal government of the burden of enforcing such measures as food inspection laws, anti-narcotic statutes, blue sky laws, white slave laws and prohibition. The last, we suspect, is the meat of the nut. Federal enforcement of prohibition presents enormous difficulties, administratively. It has not been solved by Mr. Daugherty, nor is there any clear prospect of its being solved by any future Attorney-General. Federal enforcement of prohibition, to be effective, would require a vast and all pervasive federal police force: honest men to watch honest men, thieves to catch thieves, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of a centralized bureaucracy. We haven't such a bureaucracy yet, and it is doubtful that any considerable number of Americans want it. The state and local governments can, if they choose, build up police forces strong enough to enforce prohibition along with other measures vitally affecting the lives of the people, without arousing apprehensions for the safety of free institutions. That is the argument for leaving prohibition enforcement to the states and confining federal action to the interstate and foreign commerce aspects of the question. It is an argument which will arouse militant prohibitionists to violent anger. What! leave enforcement to states like New York and Illinois, which never wanted prohibition and never will accept it in good faith? That would be tantamount to nullification. So it would be, in a sense. But the present condition is also one of nullification, of tolerance tempered by sporadic intervention of federal officers who are too few to cope with the problem. And neither the prohibitionist nor any one else appears to be willing to pay the price of effective federal enforcement: hundreds of millions for spies in every city block and village and wooded valley.

The Puzzle of Our European Policy

IT is idle to talk about American abstention from European affairs. Whether we are represented at a conference of the European powers or not, we intervene in it, by virtue of our position as the chief financial power and chief creditor nation of the world. Whatever policy may be debated in our absence, an important factor in the decision will be the probable effect on America. That was strikingly the case at Genoa. It will no doubt be the case at the Hague also.

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At Genoa the question at issue was whether or not a modus vivendi should be found under which the long delayed economic reconstruction of Europe could be launched. Two great obstacles had blocked the road to recovery: the German indemnity and the ostracism of Russia. Two clearly defined views divided European opinion between them. One was that of England, a practical business view; the other that of France, a practical military view. It need not be assumed that there was a particle of sentiment, of humanitarianism, of ultimate ethical principle on either side. Lloyd George was out for what he considered the best interests of England. Poincaré was out for what he considered the best interests of France. Each statesman's followers cast moral aspersions on the other. Each had his propaganda. We Americans have a right to be neutral and to refrain from moral appraisal. Neither statesman, we may assume, would sacrifice a fig for any purely American interest involved. And America is not asking that.

The British interest, as it happens, demands peace. The British cannot live without trade; they cannot live well without trade proceeding with the confidence and security of a peace founded upon a fair degree of mutual understanding and advantage. France is economically self sufficing, so far as any modern nation can be. She neither depends heavily on trade, nor has she the industrial technique and the trained capacity for commercial organization that would enable her to profit heavily from a reawakened world trade. France does not want war, in the sense of such a desperate struggle as she has recently survived. But punitive expeditions, interventions, blockades, which only hold back economic recovery and ruin the chances of trade revival, are to France perfectly practical and legitimate weapons in her diplomatic arsenal.

Peace and recovery must then be the foundation of British European policy. They need not be the foundations of French policy. And indeed, so far as the evidence goes, they are not, but instead of them, diplomatic hegemony and military prestige, with economic privilege and tribute a secondary, but important consideration. France does not want a revival of world trade, if that means, as it must, a relaxation of the burdens upon Germany and the restoration of Russia to the family of nations. A prostrate Germany and a Tsarist or anarchic Russia are essential premises of French hegemony. Therefore it was entirely a rational policy on the part of France to exclude the reparations question from the Genoa discussion, and to block every move toward a modus vivendi with Russia. And France succeeded completely, for the time. The official propaganda of the French and their sympathizers has managed to create the impression that it was the Russian reply to the memorandum of May 2nd that made further negotiations impossible. Lloyd George himself found it politic to intimate that there was something horrendous about this reply. But we recall that Lloyd George once found it politic to conduct an election on the platform of hanging the Kaiser and making Germany pay the total costs of the war. The text of the Russian reply is now available, and speaks for itself. There is much in it which may be called bluffing, as there was in the Allied note of May 2nd itself. But it does not preclude the realization of the British policy. The British and the Russian minds could meet in a discussion of it with not the least difficulty. And so, for that matter, could the Russian and the American minds.

That is the European political situation in a nutshell. British commercialism and French militarism locked horns at Genoa and for the time at least, French militarism won. It won in spite of the fact that all Europe, with the possible exception of Belgium and Rumania, were on the side of commercial recovery. How could the French run the risk of isolation involved in this policy? The answer is that France was not isolated. Through all the Russian negotiations she had the support of the United States. Every pronouncement from our State Department on the conditions to be fulfilled before Russia should be admitted to the family of nations, all the propaganda issued by subordinates of the department and labelled "Washington opinion" in the press, served, and was intended to serve, to bolster up Poincaré against Lloyd George. It would be unreasonable to expect a secret diplomat like Mr. Hughes to let the public know exactly what was the content of that message to the Genoa Conference sent through Mr. Child, which led Lloyd George to assume that America would accept representation in the economic conference at the Hague. Whatever it was, it helped out French policy amazingly. Why settle with Russia at Genoa when postponement offered a chance of getting the United States directly interested in the European settlement?

Mr. Hughes played the French game, skilfully and effectively. That was in itself just as proper as playing the British game would have been. But it seems not to have occurred to Mr. Hughes that there is an American game which his fellow citizens might think him bound in honor to attend to. American interests, not French, are entrusted

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to his care. And American interests in Europe lie along the line of peace and industrial and commercial recovery. American interests happen, for the time, to coincide with those upon which British policy is based. That is only a beginning; and this beginning over they would promptly reveal national characteristics of their own.

Our national interest lay on one side and Mr. Hughes backed up the other. That is something that could not happen in any other country. Even in our amateur diplomacy it is novel enough to be puzzling. We have heard it explained by Mr. Hughes' passion for consistency at any cost. We have also heard it plausibly ascribed to the remarkable personal influence of M. Jusserand. But after all, Mr. Hughes is not an autocrat, but a member of an administration which cannot as a whole be hypnotized by M. Jusserand, or self hypnotized. That administration contains a man like Mr. Hoover, who is wiser than his official pronouncements—and certainly wise enough to know that the European policy with which the State Department is compromising the good name of the administration is ridiculous and injurious to American interests. The administration also contains so shrewd a judge of political tendencies as President Harding, who knows very well that Borah is not a lonely voice crying in the wilderness, but spokesman for a large section of progressives within the party who still deem it politic to remain silent, but who will presently be heard from. Before the Indiana and the Pennsylvania primaries this might have been regarded as a negligible consideration. Mr. Harding will probably regard it as less negligible now.

The time is ripe for a change in our European policy. It is over ripe, for the economic conference at the Hague is upon us, where M. Poincaré ought not once more to hold the proxy of Mr. Hughes.

Bed Rock of the Coal Question

STATISTICS, facts, principles and practice of administration have their indisputable place in movements for social reform; but they cannot replace the force that comes from being the possessor of a deep and lasting grievance. The persons who above all are hurt by the disorganization of the coal industry are not the public, which from time to time complain of high prices and shortage of coal and soon forget their complaints, nor the political administration which sees in the coal strike a further and disastrous postponement of the return of business prosperity, but the 750,000 coal miners who, with high wage rates, receive a starvation wage; who without ceremony are evicted from their homes; and who in these democratic United States only too often have seen their rights as free men seized, trampled upon, and destroyed. If the drive for a new industry does not come from the coal miners themselves, it is not likely, for a very long time at least, to come with great effectiveness from any other quarter.

It does not, moreover, require a profound knowledge of the history of the abuse of working conditions in the coal industry to know that in the past it has been the miners, and not the state or the public, who have taken the initiative in removing these abuses and who are largely responsible for whatever progress there has been. The coal mining industry in the United States has always been notorious as an industry in which work, of itself dangerous and disagreeable, has been made the more objectionable by the conduct of an industrial autocracy that has had few counterparts in American industry. Company stores, excessive hours and low wages, careless disregard for human life, systems of wage payment which resulted in miners not even getting what they earned, were, and in some places still are, well known features of labor relations in the coal industry. They were features, too, that were not kept secret; they were made the subject of state and federal investigations. They were investigated, condemned and recorded. They were the source of armed conflict between miners and the agents of the operators. But they came under some measure of control only when and where the United Mine Workers had achieved recognition and were respected for their power.

Yet it has been only in the course of this last strike that the union of miners has turned its attention to those more fundamental defects in the organization of the industry, which are considered by many students of the problem to be the root of the difficulties between employers and employed. What explains this apparent backwardness in seizing the real issues and in exploiting them? Are miners and their leaders more difficult to convert to nationalization, in any form, than members of the general public or did they all overlook the "sickness of the coal industry"?

The answer is only to be found in the essential nature of the miners' union. Like many other American labor unions, the United Mine Workers is a fighting organization. Not alone because it wants to fight but because circumstances have forced its hand. It had to fight originally for partial recognition, for the elimination of company stores, for moderate increases in wages.

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Then, when it began to make progress, the specter of non-unionism appeared in the form of the West Virginia coal fields. The fight, then, had to begin all over again. Progress made in one section was constantly threatened by the destructive competition of another. The battle was converted into a struggle for existence and for the preservation of standards. The officers of the union were busy holding on to what they had won and had no time for spinning programs of reconstruction. The history of the Mine Workers has been in this respect the history of more than one American trade union. And the results have been almost universally the same. Wise terms of peace, as we have only lately learned, are not made while the smoke of battle still fills the eyes of the peacemakers.

It behooves those who wish to see a sound settlement in the coal industry to learn again how important a place the non-union issue has played in the past and how significant it is likely to be as a factor in delaying any satisfactory adjustments in the future. Some seven years ago Mr. Arthur E. Suffern published a book on Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America. It is not the work of a partisan. It presents a careful study of the forces in the coal industry, interpreted with reference to their historical setting. One long chapter in the book is devoted to what the author calls The West Virginia Problem, which, he writes, "has loomed up as the most important factor which threatens to disrupt the system of conciliation and arbitration" (p. 62). In this chapter Mr. Suffern describes how, long ago, the West Virginia operators were invited to participate in joint conferences between operators and the miners and refused to come; how the efforts of the union to organize West Virginia were successfully controlled with weapons which are now too familiar to need restatement; how the influence of absentee ownership has made for open shop conditions and low competitive standards; and how all of these conditions were a constant menace to the maintenance of a peaceful, progressive machinery of industrial relations in the organized portions of the coal industry. Mr. Suffern's narrative, if it were not history, might easily serve for prophecy. It required the influence of a severe industrial depression to resolve the forces that had begun to operate in the nineties, and, to precipitate the present conflict. Again the United Mine Workers are involved in a struggle for existence which it is imperative for them to win. Unless they do there is little likelihood that the drastic kind of reorganization of the coal industry, which has become the hope of those who look for peace and order and decent standards, will be achieved for a long time to come.

That the foregoing is a fair interpretation of the present coal situation is best revealed in the tactics of the operators themselves. Coal mine operators are serious men, practised in the arts of collective bargaining and of the open shop. As a rule they are not given to the wanton waste of their time and money in the kind of sport that has recently engaged their attention in the courts of West Virginia. Their past performance in West Virginia has proved them to be less concerned with the defense of the Constitution of the United States and of personal liberty from the treasonable attacks of union organizers than with keeping these organizers away from their employees. When, therefore, they bring charges for treason against officers of the union and contrive to hold them in court for long periods, their action is sufficient evidence that the centre of conflict is still in West Virginia and the other non-union districts and not in Washington. If no one else is aware of the fact, at least the operators know that they need fear neither nationalization nor any other program of radical reorganization as long as the union is in danger of its life and power. They know this because they have learned from long experience that changes, large and small, have come and gone with the rise and fall in the strength of the union. It may be unfortunate but it still remains the fact that the source of real reform in the coal industry is a strong union of miners and not the findings of a commission of investigation.

On the Wrong Track

NO doubt the decision of the Supreme Court, ordering the dissolution of the merger between the Southern Pacific and the Central Pacific is good law. There may have been a time when it would also have been good policy. But law, in this country at least, follows policy with a slow foot. It comes bravely to the rescue, in the end, but the object of its solicitude is likely to be dead. Such is obviously the case with the recent decision.

In the early history of American railways the chief regulative force contemplated by the legislatures was competition. In a great many cases, to be sure, maximum charges were fixed in the charters, and, as the railway was assimilated in law to the public highway, a certain reserve power of regulation remained in the legislature. But until comparatively recent times public regulation

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was a theoretical, not a practical influence. Railways fixed their charges to suit themselves, at profitable levels where there was no competition, at moderate and occasionally derisively low levels where competition was keen. That competition ever regulated the railways well has not been maintained, we believe, by any competent economist within the last generation. But economic legislators seldom avail themselves of the advice of competent economists. Legislation continued upon the basis of competition. Did the railways, exhausted by cut-throat competition, associate themselves in temporary unions? The Anti-Pooling legislation threw them back to compete, as ruthless fanciers whip their bleeding and blinded cocks back into the centre of the pit. Did they attempt a permanent merging of interests? The Sherman Anti-Trust law stood ready to split them asunder.

In the meantime the disappointing results of competition in practice led to the development of regulation of another character. Decade by decade the Interstate Commerce Commission extended its power of control until now no railway can either increase its interstate rates or reduce them without the Commission's consent. It cannot refuse to cooperate even with the most bitterly hostile connecting line, and the division of the charges between the two lines is subject to Commission control. For traffic within state lines the regulative power of the state is equally ample, when the state chooses. The Interstate Commerce Commission maintains a general oversight of the railway business through prescribed forms of accounts. The Railway Labor Board represents at least the beginnings of a system under which the fixing of compensation for employees is taken out of the companies' hands. Railway financing is by way of falling under complete federal control.

And in this condition of affairs the Supreme Court decides that the Central and Southern Pacific Companies shall be split apart, in order that they may compete. Compete, when the two companies are bound hand and foot, and besides, back to back. For their most valuable asset within the State of California is the common terminal at San Francisco, with the approaches and cut-offs that make the city accessible. With regard to these properties the Supreme Court suggests, humorously, we must suppose, that they be dealt with "either by way of apportionment or by provisions for joint or common use in such manner as will secure to both companies such full, convenient and ready access to the bay and to terminal facilities thereon that each company will be able freely to compete with the other, to serve the public and to accomplish the purpose of the legislation under which it was constructed."

The court does indeed point out that the Southern Pacific was able to use the Central Pacific to divert traffic from the Union Pacific route to the Sunset route. We have heard of no complaints on this score from the Union Pacific, which is quite able to take care of itself. We have heard of, and can conceive of, no shippers, travellers, consumers or producers who will profit in the least from the Court's decision. But on the other hand, we foresee no immediate damage from it. The Interstate Commerce Commission has the power to authorize consolidations and will no doubt order the reconsolidation of these two roads before the Supreme Court really gets them split in twain.

Why bother our heads about it, then? Because the decision, for as much as it is worth, shunts us off the track of progress. That track runs through the merging of interests, the permanent cooperation of railways in supplying common services. We shall never enjoy moderate railway rates, with the railways prosperous or even solvent, until we have done away with the huge waste of competitive terminal facilities. And the railways simply will not associate themselves for systematic terminal development so long as the fostering of competition remains the legal foundation of our railway policy.

Labor Proposes Economy

WHEN limitation of armament was piled on top of the cessation of munitions manufacture due to the armistice, the employees of government arsenals and navy yards were the chief sufferers. Unemployment and slack work descended on them. In such circumstances the International Association of Machinists, the principal union involved, might have come out for preparedness. It might have asked for an unemployment dole, or for a subsidy to keep the plants in operation. But wisely it did none of these things. Instead, it employed expert engineering and accounting advice, and after long and careful investigation, it has now proposed a plan for saving the taxpayers upwards of $100,000,000. Any organization which exercises self-control and intelligence with such a result deserves at least a respectful hearing.

The eighty-six thousand word report which has just been presented to the House Committee on Naval Affairs in behalf of the union is chiefly the work of Otto S. Beyer, Jr., M. E. (Stevens), who has been engaged in management and re-

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search work for private corporations, was a Captain of Ordnance during the war, is familiar with arsenal problems, and is now consulting engineer for the Labor Bureau, Inc. An accounting section was prepared by Stuart Chase, C.P.A., consulting accountant for the same organization, and formerly with the Federal Trade Commission.

The proposal may be simplified by stating it as if an ordinary business concern were involved, rather than the government. Suppose this concern owned a varied series of manufacturing plants in which approximately $350,000,000 were invested. Suppose the demand for the chief products of these plants suddenly fell off, so that they were not more than one-third employed. Suppose, however, that for reasons of policy it was desired to keep these plants in good working order so that they might fill the old demand again in case of necessity. This would involve an annual charge of about $60,000,000 for overhead and upkeep, even if not a single wheel were turned. What would the firm do? Obviously, it would look for some other products which the plants could make, and would set its sales force diligently to work to secure the necessary orders. Then suppose this sales force discovered that the concern itself regularly required just such products in sufficient quantities to keep the idle plants busy, but was ordering them from outside contractors. What the sales manager would say to the president of the concern, and how forcefully he would say it, may be left to the imagination.

The report shows that this is now precisely the situation of the government with regard to the arsenals and navy yards. It is desirable to keep them in existence and in good order as a measure of war insurance. Utilized for making the same products as formerly, they will not under the new arms program be more than a third busy, if they are that. Many millions of dollars must be spent annually on their overhead—almost as much as if they were running at full capacity. They are modern shops in every respect, unusually well equipped for making a wide variety of goods, including steel and iron products, ships, auto trucks, wood and leather goods, paints, varnishes and chemicals, optical instruments, clothing and so forth. A survey of government requirements for such things, including not only the War and Navy Departments' many orders now placed with private contractors, but also the demands of the Post Office for mail trucks, letter boxes and posts, carriers' satchels, cancelling machines, etc.; demands of the Interior Department for automobiles, cars, plows, pumps, concrete mixers, derricks, scrapers, etc.; demands of the Lighthouse Service for buoys, rope, tenders, etc.; demands of the Mint, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the Government Printing Office, the District of Columbia, and numerous other agencies for a wide variety of articles, shows that the arsenals and navy yards might be kept busy if only they were used to fill routine government orders. A detailed study of their equipment reveals that in most cases only minor modifications of machinery would be necessary, and that in time of need they could promptly be reconverted for war purposes.

At this point one begins to hear rumblings from private interests about governmental inefficiency and high cost of production in government plants. The rumblings die down when it is made clear that what is proposed is not to turn over all such work to arsenals and navy yards regardless of the cost, but merely to see that they bid for such work on terms of free competition with each other and with private plants. The rumblings turn into a painful silence when a comparison of private manufacturers' bids made in competition with arsenal bids in all known cases during the last two years shows that the lowest outside bids averaged 32 percent higher than the government bids, which in turn proved to be higher than the cost of production. It is estimated that on the average the government pays $79 in its own plants for articles which cost $100 outside. It is on the basis of past performance that the saving of $100,000,000 is calculated.

To make assurance doubly sure Mr. Beyer essayed an efficiency valuation of the arsenals and navy yards on the same basis used by the Committee on Elimination of Waste in Industry of the Federated Engineering Societies, when it examined privately owned metal plants. The score stands:

	Percent Efficient
Private Plants	71.48
Arsenals	81.36
Navy Yards	84.82

The government plants have less waste in instability of employment because they practice collective bargaining with the unions and have no strikes or lockouts. They have less waste in inefficient management because a high degree of functionalization is used and modern detail devices of management have been adopted. In labor organization rules and customs they have less waste because labor imposes no restrictive customs in government plants but on the other hand is ready to cooperate in reducing overhead and lessening fluctuations in production. There is less waste of materials because of stricter inspection

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methods and rigid systems of accountability. They are superior in thorough research and staff study because the engineering facilities and personnel of the government departments are models in every sense of the word.

If proper accounting methods were adopted, moreover, the government plants would have a further advantage in bidding. At present they must charge on each job undertaken an item for overhead incurred, not as a commercial venture, but as a measure of war insurance. Military overhead ought, therefore, to be charged off before competitive bids on peace-time products are made. Since the total overhead must be carried whether the government plants are used or not, the taxpayer must bear the burden just the same when orders go to competing private plants. It is therefore to the taxpayer's advantage to have orders go to government plants when their cost of production, omitting the overhead due to insurance against war, is lower than the price offered by the private contractor.

There is no constitutional provision or legal principle in the way of the plan. There are, however, detailed obstacles to be overcome. One of them may be illustrated by a hypothetical case in which an arsenal might wish to bid for a lot of mail boxes. Certain alterations of machinery would be necessary. The War Department, limited as it is by the Congressional custom of piecemeal appropriations, has no fund to use for the slight expense involved in the changes. If it charged the whole cost of the changes to the first order for mail boxes, its bid might be too high. Furthermore, the Post Office Department has no money which it could legally appropriate to cover the cost of such changes. Thus the operation is prevented by red tape at the very beginning. There must therefore be a moderate appropriation for alterations of equipment. Let us assume that this obstacle is overcome and the arsenal secures the order. If it makes a profit, the gain must be transferred to the Treasury Department. Therefore it has no surplus, or profit and loss account, out of which to meet possible losses. And so it cannot make "firm bids" as can private concerns, but must make bids conditional on the cost of production. Obviously there should be provision for a small revolving fund, to furnish elasticity, similar to the profit and loss account of a private concern. Government plants must also be permitted to buy materials as the conditions of the market dictate, rather than buying them for specific jobs out of specific appropriations. There must be active sales engineers for each department, who will go out after government business aggressively, rather than leaving orders to come in a routine way. The stiffness of certain short-sighted ordnance officials must be overcome, who insist on preserving each piece of machinery in a state such that it could immediately be turned to the manufacture of war products. The active support of the workers must be enlisted through regular union sources, instead of through fancy "industrial democracy" plans which look suspiciously like open-shop devices. It is on account of such petty obstacles that the Arsenal Orders Branch instituted after the war to carry out the very purpose which the Machinists now advocate, has not made more progress, successful though it proved in a limited way. The Hull bill, now in committee in the House, aims to wipe out the obstacles, and it is to this end that the report was presented.

Numerous advantages of the plan are adduced in addition to the money saving. Besides furnishing steady employment to a full force of mechanics, it would hold an organized and trained personnel together, without which the war-insurance value of the plants themselves is gravely impaired. It would interest this force actively in efficiency, the competition for orders on which their employment depended leading to further reduction in costs. It would make possible fruitful experiments in management. It would help to prevent any munitions lobby, and so add peace insurance to war insurance. Its sole disadvantage seems to be to the private profiteering contractor and his Congressman. But the arguments for the proposal are so strong, especially to an administration which contains General Dawes and Secretary Hoover, that it will be difficult to kill unless it is killed in silence.

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Oil

THE petroleum industry exhibits our national economic characteristics; it is a symbol and a prophecy. It is based on gambling and speculation; it is carried on with ignorance and waste unsurpassed in any other field; it is spectacular, almost overtaxing one's imagination; it is mediaeval administratively, progressive mechanically, socially criminal, financially modern. And it gallops to its fall.

Almost within one's memory—in 1859—an oil well drilled in northwestern Pennsylvania marked the beginning of this amazing industry. Aborigines of Oil City and other towns still remember almost fantastic individuals lighting their five cent cigars with hundred dollar bills across the hotel counters. In these early days the oil game was one of "Heads, I win; tails, you lose!" But, like any scheme of getting something for nothing it did not last. One successful well draws into a neighborhood many "wildcatters." In every discovered field one finds hundreds, perhaps thousands of dry, unproductive wells drilled by these adventurers—"the wild cat holes." With chances ten to one against him, the wild catter, spurred by speculative visions of fortune gushing into his pockets, is ready to gamble all he has and what he has not besides. With years this wild scramble for speculation in oil fields, this gambling, grows instead of subsiding, while large, established companies are rather inclined to favor the wild-cat explorations, for they mean for them "something for nothing," something in the way of prospecting done at another man's risk. And yet there is no necessity, no excuse for this useless waste, this blind, ignorant speculation, for a survey made with the aid of scientific geologists locates 85 percent successful wells as against 5 percent for fortunate wild-catters.

Yet even now, in the days of great national debts, prohibition and scientific geology, one constantly gets tempting circulars and prospectuses announcing that "we have divided our lease into leases 100 feet by 150 feet in dimension. A lease sells for $100, in payments of $10 down and $10 per month. . . ." "One lease will make in one year $1,135.50." "Besides you have the right to dispose of your leases . . . you can drill on them yourself." . . . "Every oil field was once a Wild-Cat." Even Rudyard Kipling is summoned:

> "I didn't start with the askings,
> I took the job and I struck,
> I took the chances they wouldn't
> And now they're calling it luck."

Until a few years ago, the oil industry financed its expansion chiefly out of its earnings; it does so no longer. Since 1915 the capital stock of two hundred and fifty established companies has trebled in five years while the capital stock of new oil companies swelled from eighty-one million in 1915 to eight and one-third billion by 1920—a hundred fold increase! The Federal Trade Commission shows that out of eighty-two producing companies on the Pacific Coast, fourteen small ones showed a loss of 2.8 percent upon their investment, while another fourteen companies, producing over one-third of the total output, enjoyed profits of over 30 percent and the average of all companies earned profits at a rate of 17.7 percent. Here, as everywhere, the larger companies enjoy the more handsome profits.

When it was found that kerosene is more economical than coal-oil, and that the production of kerosene was profitable, kerosene determined the conduct of the oil industry. Then it was profitable to throw away gasoline and waste fuel oil. When again, the use of the motor vehicle became an economic factor and the annual increase of automobiles became the chief determining point of the oil industry and as the use of kerosene did not keep pace, there was an incentive to illuminate China with kerosene lamps and later to extend the "end point" of gasoline itself, i. e. to get out of oil more of that which may be sold as motor fuel and less of kerosene. Extraction of gasoline from natural gas in the days when automobiles were few was not practiced—waste was profitable.

However great are the wastes of natural resources, due to short sighted policies of manufacture, by far the greater part of the waste of our oil resources takes place in the mining. The Director of the Bureau of Mines wrote in 1917: "We have been wasteful, careless, and recklessly ignorant. We have abandoned oil fields while a large part of the oil was still in the ground. We have allowed tremendous quantities of gas to waste in the air. We have let water into the oil sands. . . . We lacked the knowledge to properly produce one needed product without overproducing products for which we have little need."

Again, the best authority on the subject, J. E. Pogue, sums up the situation. "The time has come," says he in Economics of Petroleum, "when the methods of the past can no longer be followed; the oil remaining is not sufficiently bountiful to support its use for other purposes than as a source

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of material energy and chemical products." The Bureau of Mines indicates that only from ten to twenty percent of the oil underground is now being recovered. Such is an inevitable result of the competitive drilling of the field in a checkerboard fashion.

"Yet, losses due to inadequate methods of handling the product," says the same author, "are far more sensational because open to observation." Careful investigations have disclosed that in many cases twenty percent of the gasoline content of the crude oil is lost by evaporation before it reaches the refinery, and that probably one half of this loss might be economically saved.

To get an idea of the magnitude of the national wealth thus sacrificed by private interests for the sake of harvesting the dollars while the sun shines, let us remember that we, in the United States, use more petroleum than we produce; that our consumption increases by leaps and bounds. In 1860 we produced less than one million barrels; in 1920, 549 million barrels were consumed while our production was short of the demand by 106 million which were imported from Mexico. The outlook for Mexican supply meanwhile oscillates from gloomy spells cast by the flooding of some Mexican fields by salt water and drying out of others, to the other extreme of optimism because of the recent starting of a few new gushers giving several thousand barrels per day.

Interpreting these figures into terms of length of human life, we assume at the conclusion that we have so little of the known reserve of petroleum left, that not only our children, but we ourselves will have the privilege of writing in our memoirs the experiences of seeing this country going dry—dry of oil, not of alcohol.

The spectacular rise and fall of this grotesque industry sapping the crust of our earth of tens of thousands of years' accumulation of solar energy within less than one century cannot but excite one's curiosity: How has it come about and what were the forces accelerating the exhaustion of this most potent force of our present progress?

Pools of petroleum are confined under the pressure of natural gas and underground water in the crevices of the earth's crust. Tap such a pool and the desired liquid will either spout as a "gusher" or may be pumped out to the surface. Common sense would dictate that the field under which such a pool lies should be surveyed by competent geologists and then be developed systematically. But that is not our practice.

A paper presented before the American Mining Congress in 1916 picturesquely described the criminal waste of private competitive holdings in the oil field. "We saw that as soon as the field was discovered it was leased up in small tracts. Then we saw the Smiths, the Browns, the Joneses, and the Standard Oil drilling for dear life, each trying to get the oil from under his little tract and a bit of the other fellow's. Why? Because each tract could be drained by wells on the surrounding tracts."

In this scramble the wells were hastily and improperly built, gas wasted, water allowed to enter oil sands and most of the oil left underground, never to be recovered, and wells prematurely abandoned.

When we turn now from the existing practice and compare it with our available knowledge, the color of the picture will suffer no change. "Technical means are available," announces Dr. Pogue, "for notably increasing the efficiency of extraction, but the handicap of competitive conditions working at cross purposes with occurrence of oil still obtains. As in all other individualistic industries, the capacity of refineries is nearly one third in excess of requirements. Idle plant, unlike the idle worker, is paid for every day it remains in idleness and, as pointed out by Gantt, Polakov, and other industrial engineers, this matter is a potent cause of financial loss and even failure and should receive the closest attention and study."

Again, when we turn to the final use of the products of the petroleum industry, the same reckless, unintelligent squandering of our rapidly vanishing resources is in full evidence. The exhaust of our automobiles, as brought out by investigations in connection with Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel project, contains nearly thirty percent of the heat of the original gasoline. Careful adjustment of carburetors alone would save about 600,000,000 gallons of gasoline per year.

Likewise in the uses of fuel oil under boilers we see wasteful practice second only to our wanton destruction of coal. The Bureau of Mines estimated that out of 160 million barrels of fuel oil burned in the United States in 1917, at least 40 million barrels, or 1,700,000,000 gallons (one quarter of the total) might have been saved by more intelligent operation of boiler plants and proper instruction in firing.

To sum up, in the words of competent critics, "less than twenty-five percent of the petroleum underground reaches the pipe line. If we subtract from this proportion the losses involved in improper and wasteful methods of utilization, the recovery factor becomes perhaps as low as ten percent. . . ." Such is the verdict of the Smithsonian Institution. Small wonder, therefore, that Sidney Brooks, an eminent English journalist, said in the

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Nineteenth Century—reflecting the consensus of European opinion: "America, as one would expect, has been the classic home of all that is hasty, negligent, and well-nigh criminal in the misuse of oil as of every other form of natural wealth; and America in consequence finds herself to-day consuming more oil than she produces. . . ." "What does that simple fact mean?" asks Dr. J. E. Pogue and answers: "It means that we must pay growing attention to all methods, engineering and economic, that will conduce to the fuller utilization of the raw material that we have."

The oil industry has now the obligation to satisfy the most important, vital needs of modern civilization. If greed, ignorance, recklessness and what not, brings it, and with it the wellbeing of the country, to a fall; if the exhaustion of the petroleum supply is so near; if its use and misuse is no longer a matter of private, but public, national concern, what policy should this great commonwealth pursue? Certainly the case for public intervention is stronger than that for intervention in the business affairs of minors, incompetents and wastrels who squander merely their personal fortunes.

WALTER N. POLAKOV.

Genoa: Hope Deferred

FROM Cannes to Genoa was an adventure; from Genoa to the Hague threatens to be the bankruptcy ritual of Europe. There were Europeans who said at the opening of the Genoa Conference that it would fail. That they have been proved right by the event is a testimony not to their foresight, but to their own wrecking influence. Their position must be hard for outsiders to understand. Whether Frenchmen or Belgians, or Mr. Steed, like it or not, the failure of Genoa is the failure of Europe. The interesting and the depressing thing is that there should be sections of Europe which glory in a common disaster. Three-and-a-half years after the armistice the nations of Europe have met to discuss the elementary problem of how to allow each other to live. It seems an obvious and simple thing. For five weeks it has proved too difficult, and is postponed, if not to the Greek Calends, at any rate to the Ides of June, which may not be much better.

Dr. Beneš, the brilliant Prime Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, says that the Conference took place too early. It is easy to prove that he is right. There are too many unsolved problems in Europe, reparations, the Polish frontiers, Vilna, the Riga line, Eastern Galicia, Bessarabia, the Danube, Constantinople. On the other hand it is equally easy to argue that the Conference has been held too late. It is more than three years since Mr. Lloyd George first proposed to hold the Genoa Conference, although he proposed to hold it, not in the civilized town of Genoa (civilized in parts) but in the outlandish island of Prinkipo. He was then howled down, as he is being howled down today, by a frantic, screaming Europe. He adjourned his idea in January, 1919, as he has again adjourned it now. The difference is that many of the complications which have wrecked the Genoa Conference have arisen since the time of the Versailles Treaty.

It is hard for people of common sense to believe that the nations of Europe will go to war again in our time. One would have thought that the four-and-a-half years of the Great War would have sickened them for a generation. Certainly you will not now find in England any section of the people prepared to fight. It is not merely that they have had enough of war. It is the disillusionment that counts. The three-quarters of a million Englishmen who were killed in the Great War gave their lives unsophisticatedly for what they regarded as an ideal. The continental attitude to war is more cynical. Perhaps the most disquieting and the most repulsive thing for an Englishman who, at the Genoa Conference, has seen the representatives of thirty-four nations, is the realization that renewed war in Europe is not only a possibility but is regarded as an ordinary possibility. The nations of Europe are not sick of war, and that fact probably lies at the bottom of the failure of Genoa. Let Americans point to Europe and say their worst. They will be right. There could be no more humiliating spectacle than that of the Genoa Conference. It is not yet four years since the Great War ended. On November 11, 1918, France and Great Britain were not only allies in name but were on terms of close and enthusiastic friendship. In common with their allies they had beaten what they regarded as an enemy not only of themselves but of the whole world. To most English minds France stood as the symbol of a good and a rising cause, Germany as the opposite. Today the French General Staff thinks in terms of war with Great Britain. There are sections of British opinion which denounce the Entente with France. It is unbelievable, but it is

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true. It seems as if the habit of vulgarity has become the most decisive force in Europe, as if the people of Europe, fed on hatred, must needs create new hatreds for their sustenance. Within four years new brawls are taking the place of those which ran their course during the Great War, and for which ten million young men paid the price. Those people and those influences which caused the Great War and which kept it on are the same people and the same influences which are now casting wildly about again for war. They specialize in discovering militarist menaces (Germany 1914, France 1922) and enemies of civilization. At Genoa Mr. Lloyd George has preached the simple idea of peace, not on grounds of sentiment only but of business and common sense. He is no doubt aware, as everyone must be who follows the evolutions of a mad Europe, that there is less to be gained by appealing to the sentiment than to the interests of the peoples of Europe at the present time. The outlook of the average European is narrow and small, hedged in by traditional rivalries and feuds, but focussed on the emotions of an immediate present. The other day a quite serious Frenchman said to me that Mr. Lloyd George was, and always had been, the real enemy of France. He was candid enough to admit (when I reminded him) that he had forgotten the part which Mr. Lloyd George played in establishing the single command under Marshal Foch during the war. All other argument, however, was useless.

On the other hand there is nothing to be gained by closing one's eyes to the fact that all is not well between England and France. Great Britain traditionally moves slowly, so slowly that the more nimble, more superficially emotional minds of Frenchmen and of continentals in general begin to doubt if Great Britain will ever make any decision on anything. It is an article of faith in France that Mr. Lloyd George will never break the Entente. The Entente has so often in the last two-and-a-half years been pushed to breaking point and been saved by the elastic indulgence of the British Prime Minister that the cry of wolf, wolf, has begun to lose its sting. But there is something different since the accession of M. Poincaré to power. With M. Briand as Prime Minister of France, the two countries could quarrel as they liked without much danger of a rupture. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand liked each other personally, understood each other, knew how to make allowances for each other's point of view, and could patch up their differences. There was frankness and fundamental friendship. They were friends who spent most of their time quarrelling, a Potash and a Perlmutter. That was one thing; it is another thing when M. Poincaré not only quarrels, but avoids Mr. Lloyd George. At the Cannes Conference in January M. Briand, then the Prime Minister of France, accepted the program of the Genoa Conference. As a result he was turned out of office by Messieurs Poincaré and Barthou. M. Poincaré at once devoted his energies to ruining the Genoa Conference. He wrote a long, clever memorandum on the subject to London. Mr. Lloyd George, refusing to be drawn into an interminable exchange of diplomatic notes, asked M. Poincaré to meet him at Boulogne one Saturday afternoon. It was not a cordial meeting, because M. Poincaré hates Mr. Lloyd George. But at any rate it was a businesslike meeting, and M. Poincaré, asked simply whether or not France would go to Genoa, said yes. Having accepted on behalf of France, he then refused to go to Genoa himself. That was not all. M. Barthou was not sent to Genoa as a plenipotentiary but as a marionette, the strings of which were in M. Poincaré's hands in Paris. At one point in the Conference M. Poincaré pulled the string, recalled M. Barthou to Paris, and sent him back to Genoa with orders for the Conference. At another time M. Poincaré in his Bar-le-Duc speech set himself up as a rival organization to the Genoa Conference, and published broadcast the decisions which he himself had taken on a matter which affected the whole Genoa Conference. M. Poincaré was torpedoing the Conference.

It is hardly to be wondered at that France and Belgium, helped by Russia and Germany, should have been able to wreck the Conference. The whole purpose of the Conference depended on the united goodwill of the peoples of Europe. Either the peoples of Europe were ready to live and let live in peace or they were not. It appears that they were not. Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Beneš were the only two representatives at the Conference who understood the big but simple idea which lay behind it. Fear and distrust are the besetting sins of Europe. It was Mr. Lloyd George's ambition to banish both and to create an atmosphere of confidence. But the French chose to indulge a very ecstasy of fear in their dealings with Germany and of suspicion in their dealings with Russia; the Germans could see nothing but their own petty grievances and failed utterly to realize that they were given an opportunity such as never has been given to a conquered nation; the Russians—big, clumsy, dialectically clever—could not resist the temptation to make mischief, and they too missed the big idea. It is true that Mr. Chicherin had to keep one eye on the communist city workers of Russia, but he was too inclined to shut the other

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eye altogether. The silly propaganda which he sent out at Genoa, discounted as it must be because its object was manifestly Moscow and not Genoa, revealed a lack of judgment and of statesmanship on his part. The question of private property need not have been a stumbling block either on the Russian or on the other side. That it should have contributed so much to the failure of Genoa was a confession of bankruptcy on the part of European diplomacy. It was an open secret that the Russian delegation felt acutely the embarrassment produced by the inordinate success with which they themselves had inculcated communism in Russia. For many months the Soviet leaders have allowed it to be gathered that they would welcome a formula which would help them out of their communist dilemma. It was even known that in the opinion of those leaders themselves a further three months would probably be long enough for them to wean the Russian people from the doctrines they had been made to imbibe not wisely but too well. It was for that reason, no doubt, that Mr. Lloyd George himself provided Mr. Chicherin with the necessary formula. He knew as well as M. Barthou or as M. Jaspar or as the editor of the Morning Post that the principle of private property is unmixable and always will be unmixable with that of communism. It was a situation in which Europe could be saved only if one put one's blind eye to the telescope. But Mr. Lloyd George was the only man at Genoa who had the sense to do it. The usufruct formula which retained for the Soviet government the legal right over confiscated property, while granting to the expropriated a long term lease which in practice would be as good as proprietary rights, would have tided the Soviet government over the next three months with the greatest ease, and from the western point of view would have been a simple means of letting Russian communism down gently. The French and Belgians, with the Morning Post as approving chorus, clutched at the shadow and lost the substance.

It is quite possible that Genoa will prove to have been Mr. Lloyd George's swan song. He has been criticized for his weakness towards France. It is true that he has made concessions to France which militated against the chances of success at Genoa. His critics, however, do not realize that France herself is an indispensable element in the Genoa scheme, and the most that can be said for Mr. Lloyd George's critics is that perhaps it would have been wiser if he had stuck to the frying pan instead of venturing into the fire. Those who have followed the Genoa Conference closely will find it hard to grudge Mr. Lloyd George his meed of praise. From beginning to end of the Conference he fought alone against overwhelming odds. He fought also with the consciousness that his own career was at stake. He knew from the first week of the Conference that the game was up. At any moment he could have accepted a fait accompli and thrown the blame entirely on France. The French were only too frank in their rôle of wreckers. It is arguable, and was, in fact, argued by Mr. Lloyd George's friends, that that was the best line for him to take. He would have had Labor, Wee Free, Coalition Liberal, the industrial North, and fifty percent of Coalition Unionism behind him. He refused. Even in the fifth week of the Conference when Genoa had been riddled by the French delegation, and torpedoed by M. Poincaré from the cowardly distance of Paris, Mr. Lloyd George refused to break with France. He knew that his refusal would be to his own political disadvantage, but that it was a choice between his political interest at home and the sincerity of his European ideal. He surprised his enemies by choosing the latter.

Genoa. GEORGE GLASGOW.

To the Highest Bidder

I AM an atom of moderate importance in the machine which turns out the Larkins City Gazette. The Larkins City Gazette is perhaps to be numbered among the first hundred daily newspapers of America, and Larkins City is of some significance to everyone who knows his America and of very great significance to those whose fortune it is to live there. Collectively we have played a part and are not to be ignored.

The masthead of the Gazette (how hard it is for me not to capitalize, too fondly, the first letter of that *The*!) carries the name of an owner and publisher and an editor. Those names have fluttered over many a battle of which we are not ashamed. But tomorrow the Gazette will be under a new flag. I have seen the proofs. The name of Herbert T. Perkins as well as my own modest "W. S. Lambert, Managing Editor," has been hauled down and where it once flew there flap alien and to my eyes hateful syllables.

Not that I love the name or person of Herbert T. Perkins, for to tell the truth I have rarely seen him and have only the remotest conception of his private virtues. But Herbert T. Perkins has stood for a kind of liberty. He had other interests than the Gazette, and by that miracle which happens now and then in journalism he did not use the Gazette to further those interests. In short he had

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only a passing and occasional concern for this property of his, so long as its circulation held up and its adverse balance did not strain his resources too severely. I think he took pride in being known as the owner of a newspaper. Possibly it satisfied a half sub-conscious literary aspiration. From our point of view the great merit of Mr. Perkins was that as a rule he left us alone. We ran the paper.

I shall not attempt to summarize the services of the Gazette in Larkins City. We began, humbly enough, by conducting campaigns for paved streets, fire-proof school buildings, and parks. From this field, in which we had the approval of almost all who called themselves good citizens, we were led into the more dangerous arcana of municipal corruption, and as we went higher and higher in our search for guilt the "good citizens" at first grew lukewarm and then turned savagely against us. But we built up a circulation which enabled us to defy our bankers and our advertisers and ventured further. Our crisis came when the employees of the street railways went on strike. We investigated their charges against the company, whose operations already smelled of corruption, and took their side. They won, in the end, a qualified victory. That was our supreme moment, although afterwards we elected a mayor and city council and cleaned up the town in earnest.

We were not always fighting, and we tried, indeed, to put the humorous and friendly aspects of town life into our paper. We believed in the old American traditions of democracy, and as far as we could we instilled them into our news and feature articles and editorials. Gradually we were aware of a following which believed in us, and which we could influence almost by a word. The rival daily lost circulation and would have lost advertising if advertising results had been the only ones the merchants sought. Often I have sat here in my office, late at night, and been conscious as I wrote of a friendly audience of hundreds, even thousands, of homely, steadfast Americans. I could almost see their faces. They came to our aid in our darkest hours. These, I sometimes thought, were Lincoln's people,—the people who hated slavery. They were the best America had.

And somehow, for I never could believe that we deserved it, they trusted us. They trusted Herbert T. Perkins, and sent him letters that he never saw, under the impression that he wrote the paper as well as owned it. I think Herbert T. Perkins would have been puzzled by those letters, for allegiance to the people who wrote them was certainly far from his thoughts. He simply did not care about them, one way or the other. But he left us alone, and we went on making his name a magic one among readers he never so much as imagined.

This year Mr. Perkins, like others of his kind, has been pressed for money, and it may have been natural that he should realize upon the most outlying of his assets. I do not condemn him for selling the paper. Legally it was his property and we who trebled its circulation and multiplied its influence ten-fold were at all times his hired men. But the effect upon the institution we have erected was cataclysmic. For Mr. Perkins, in seeking a purchaser, turned to those who would pay most, and those who can afford to pay most are the very ones who do not want a newspaper like the Gazette in Larkins City. They have their own good reasons, on which I need not enlarge. They are a small minority in Larkins city, but they consider that the city is their property just as the insects in a cheese take a proprietary interest in their abiding place. I do not mean to be bitter, but this is the first image that occurs to me.

When the last edition has gone to press I shall roll down my sleeves, clean out my desk, put on my hat and coat and go home. I daresay I can find another job. Other men on the paper are not so hopeful. Some of them, who have children and own their own homes, will stay and help the new owner make the Gazette into a hateful mockery of its old self. I cannot endure that. At least, not having children, I will not.

I had an impulse to signalize the last day of the old ownership by a solemn funeral oration, in which I should warn our readers of what was to take place, but I thought better of it. The paper is not my property and it is perhaps not ethical to impair its money value—its goodwill, as the lawyers humorously call it—in this way.

The last proof has gone down. I have drawn my salary and that, with my pipe and a few books, is all I shall take with me when I step for the last time out of this building which contains so much of my life. What I cannot take will be destroyed. It will vanish like the old letters, proofs and newspapers I have been throwing on the floor around my desk for the janitor to sweep out. And the Gazette as we knew it, will vanish, too.

I remember a Civil War veteran who came into the office one day in the hottest of the traction fight. "I voted for Lincoln!" he told us, pounding the table with his old gnarled hand, "And I'll vote with you now. You boys are fighting Abe Lincoln's fight."

We laughed at him, or rather at ourselves, after he was gone; for we always made the pretense of

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being cynical. But we remembered him and he seemed the embodiment of throngs of those people who longed, pathetically, to see in the Gazette a pure and shining champion. I wonder what he will think. I wonder what all of them will think.

The paper is sold, safe enough, and the proper documents have changed hands. But as I pull my hat well down over my eyes and grope for the door it will be hard to escape the conviction that the new owner coming in tomorrow will take possession of something that does not belong to him.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

The Flag in the Coal Mines

YOU drive from Nant-y-Glo, Pennsylvania, along a highway beautifully set among the hills of Cambria county with quiet woods and mountains on all sides, when suddenly you come to a spot in Pennsylvania, but out of America. It is Vintondale. Trees flank one side of the road. At a point on the other is a deep, dirty hollow, railroad tracks running here and there, broken by huge piles of slag and slate up which run little cars dumping their burdens at the top. On each of the piles and on every bit of high ground in the town is mounted a powerful searchlight. An armed guard stands near a sentry booth. In the road is an automobile or other obstruction squarely planted to hold up traffic.

The guard and the barricades are there to prevent American citizens from entering the Borough of Vintondale, County of Cambria, State of Pennsylvania, United States of America.

With another New York attorney, a lawyer from Philadelphia, a group of newspaper men, and the presidents of certain districts of the United Mine Workers, I drove down this road to Vintondale on a beautiful spring morning as the representative of the American Civil Liberties Union, to find out whether or not the constitutional guarantees prevail in this "closed town." Frankly, I was sceptical when I was told in New York by representatives of the United Mine Workers of America that no citizen, union or non-union, could enter Vintondale without molestation. This doubt had been emphasized in the drive among the peaceful Pennsylvania hills and through the quiet, orderly non-union towns, where the only signs of the strike were little groups of men loafing around, playing cards or throwing jack-knives under the trees or whipping up the quiet streams.

"Stop," is the order. Our machines got by. "We'll get you yet," shouts the guard. We speed the road, across the tracks. Clattering hoofs sound behind. The coal and iron mounted police, dressed in awe-inspiring gray uniforms, belted with ammunition, armed with gun and blackjack, are in chase.

We round up at the general supply store. Other troopers, bearing no insignia, but carrying arms, close in on us. "We know you, you— — —; you're organizers from Nant-y-Glo. Get the hell out of here."

We dismount from the machines. Around about us, the troopers urge their skittish horses. We take to the sidewalk,—after us the horses. We dodge the hoofs, meanwhile shouting inquiringly who these cossacks are, what laws we are violating and the cause of the excitement.

"Bust this up or we'll bust you up," shouts one, while jeers, threats and curses come from others. We insisted that we would stand on the sidewalk. "Like hell you will," said the coal company comptroller. He, one of the troopers and a bystander grabbed one of us; two others lit on another. "Now then, into the machine and about your business!" Shoving, pushing and hauling, we were forced along, but as they were about to throw us over the side of the car, they desisted. "Now get out of here; you're collecting a crowd." The troopers rode up and down, threatening bystanders who dodged into side streets. We left, accompanied to the outskirts by the jeering mounted men.

Nant-y-Glo is a union town. William Welsh is a union organizer. Justice of the Peace Robert Harnish is a union miner, elected by union men. Soon we had warrants for the arrest of John Doe, Richard Roe, Henry Snow, Charles Poe and the proper number of other "oes." We picked up the constable from his blacksmith shop, and the high constable stopped shoeing horses.

Back again to Vintondale.

Again the obstructed road. Again the entrance guard. Again the clattering hoofs behind the machine. The railroad crossing was blocked by a long freight train. "Back up, Walter; we're in a hurry," shouted Cooney, a union engineer who was driving our car. Like a toy train, the cars obediently moved away. We sped over the tracks, down the narrow dingy street, around the corner, pulling up short at the town centre,—the company store.

"What the hell are you doing here now?"

"You're under arrest," says the constable. As armed guards one after another rode wildly up to initiate and quell a disturbance, they were served with warrants. The coal and iron police of Vintondale were pained and surprised. This was not according to Hoyle. The Vinton Colliery

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Company did not pay them for this. The company comptroller arrived in his machine, but sped away. This situation was a curiosity. Outsiders causing trouble in his peaceful community. The comptroller sped away.

How he got back to the company supply office we never knew, but there must be a rear entrance, for presently we heard rumors that the company superintendent (arrested a short time ago for assault), the comptroller, Justice of the Peace Blewett and Justice Daly were closeted in the office with the constable. The constable reported that a voice on the telephone, claiming to be the County District Attorney, advised that Justice Daly might accept bail. We did not know till later that the voice was unauthenticated.

As a lawyer, I made my way up the outside steps of the building to make inquiry about the date for trial. "Get out of there," shouts the comptroller, mysteriously appearing below. "Arrest that man for trespass,"—this to two troopers who unexpectedly loomed on the landing above. "I want to see the Justice." The troopers grabbed me, hustled me off to the lock-up and into a 3 x 6 cell, littered with scraps of paper, cigar butts and refuse, containing an iron bed covered with a filthy blanket and a toilet. "And you call yourselves men!" said I. "What the hell you want to stir up a row for? The people here are satisfied," was the answer. "What would they do if they weren't," I asked. "You talk like a lawyer," was the reply.

Mr. Justice Blewett, collarless and unshaven, appeared, having personally provided the bail for my defendants. His next signature was on a warrant for my arrest. "But I've already been arrested," I explained. The Justice's signature was a power. It bailed the company men and jailed me.

"We want to get through with this," said Justice Blewett.

"I'm ready for trial."

Then the following:

Justice Blewett: "All right, I find you guilty and fine you $5."

Prisoner: "I insist on a trial."

Justice: "It's all over; but you don't have to pay the $5 if you'll get out of town."

Prisoner: "I won't get out of town and I won't pay the $5. I want a trial."

Justice: "Well you don't have to. It's all through.

Prisoner: "But I won't take a verdict of guilty."

Justice: "Then you're not guilty."

The Court adjourned.

As I came out of the jail, the troopers were clattering up and down the street, brandishing their clubs while any curious onlooker scuttled into the by-ways.

The chief of the coal and iron police, a handsome figure, smartly uniformed, revolver in holster, belt bulging with ammunition, shaking his club at me, shouted: "You needn't think you can scare me." He and the others, out on bail, pursued our machine to the outskirts.

And the American flag, emblem of freedom, at the top of a towering mast, flies bravely over the Borough of Vintondale. One wonders what significance it has for the foreign-born miners.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

Figure

The fire speaks; the clouds shudder;
Shadow on shadow covers the sun.
It is a day's end; the windows darken.
The flame mutters. The light is gone.

Over the fields, a shape darker,
Ruggeder, more obtuse than all
The darkness tangled about his movements
Comes, and his shoulders droop. The owls call.

The owls call, and the hour falters.
The winds shuffle under the hill.
A gate clicks, and a door closes.
The winds yield to the night's will.

It is well as it is, at the day's passing;
He will laugh tomorrow and face the sun,
Forgetting this hour of broken spirit,—
Forgetting, as men must forget, their dreams done.

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL.

Demon Lovers

The peacock and the mocking-bird
Cry forever in her breast;
Public libraries have blurred
The pages of his palimpsest.

He wanders lonely as a cloud
In chevelure of curled perruque;
Masked assassins in a crowd
Strangle the uxorious duke.

Castilian facing Lucifer,
Juan does not remove his cap;
Unswaddled infantile to her
His soul lies kicking in her lap.

While she, transported by the wind,
Mercutio has clasped and kissed. . . .
Like quicksilver, her absent mind
Evades them both, and is not missed.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

[The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest, and especially concerning articles which have appeared in its columns. Those of 300 words or less are necessarily more available for publication than longer letters.]

Virginia's Action on Slavery

SIR: In the New Republic for May 10th I observe a letter signed Fanny M. Burke, headed The South Did Protest Against Slavery, in which occurs the statement "The gradual Emancipation measure of the Virginia State Legislature of 1830 failed by one vote."

It is curious how the delusion with regard to the action of Virginia on slavery still persists. In spite of the testimony of Miss Burke's great-uncle, there is absolutely no documentary evidence that any emancipation measure in the nineteenth century ever came anywhere near enactment in Virginia. On the contrary, an examination of the Journals of the two Houses from 1829 to 1833, and of the Virginia State Constitutional Convention of 1829 to 1830, reveal the following indubitable facts:

(1) In the Constitutional Convention there was no proposition looking for emancipation. On a question whether the low-land slave-holding counties should continue to have a larger proportional representation in the legislature than the mountain counties, the slave-holders were successful, by the casting vote of the presiding officer.

(2) In the legislature of 1830-1831, a bill was introduced for the more rigorous restriction of free Negroes, and was voted down, 58 to 59, but subsequently passed.

(3) In the next session there was a debate on the evils of slavery, but a proposition for a referendum on the question whether there ought to be an emancipation act was defeated by a vote of 58 to 73.

That was the nearest Virginia ever came to emancipation. Nor was there between 1830 and 1860 in any slave-holding state any successful effort even to ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery.

The abolition societies which flourished from about 1800 to about 1830 did include Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina; but that movement was practically dead before the Garrisonian abolition began. The protests against slavery in Virginia were partly based on philanthrophy, and partly upon the rivalry between the sea-board and mountain counties, in which latter there were few slaves.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Lady Astor's Efficiency

SIR: I read with some interest Mr. Robert Littell's article on Lady Astor in your issue of May 3rd.

May I say that I do not think he has entirely gauged the reason of Lady Astor's popularity in this country? It is quite true that when she speaks Lady Astor has the knack of delighting and fascinating her audience; it is true that she invariably stands for the things she believes right; it is true also that she is patently sincere; but I do not think that her popularity is due in the main to any of these three things. Democracy breeds many effective speakers; most human beings do on the whole tend to stand for what they believe right and even patent sincerity is not a very infrequent virtue. The reason of Lady Astor's solid and increasing popularity in this country is quite another one; it is simply that she has shown during the few years of her parliamentary career that she is a person who gets things done. We find that when Lady Astor takes up any reform that reform has a way of taking a step forward.

I will give two instances out of many. There is a group of people who for many long and weary years have worked for an improvement in the laws relating to the protection of children; for a bill entitled The Criminal Law Amendment bill. They could never succeed in getting it passed into law. This year, at last, they have received a government promise to deal with the matter. Many factors no doubt have contributed to this satisfactory state of affairs, but there is little doubt in the minds of most of the people concerned that if Lady Astor had not been in Parliament that promise would not have been conceded.

Again, it is rumored in the press that the drink trade intend to spend £10,000 in Plymouth to try and defeat Lady Astor at the next general election. Whether this rumor be true or not I cannot say: the fact that it exists is testimony to the public belief in the measure of her effectiveness as a temperance reformer.

We in Britain come of a practical and a suspicious race. We are "slower to bless than to ban" and we prefer deeds to words. It is because of Lady Astor's efficiency rather than because of her charm that she stands high in our favor today.

RHONDDA.

London.

Phenomenal Hares

SIR: In your issue of March 1st you warn us of the danger to scientific freedom in the sphere of "biology and geology." I do not think most of your readers know—I am not sure that you know yourself—how much truth there is in the words "and geology."

So far as I know, the Sunday School Times is the chief organ of those who maintain that the Bible is absolutely free from errors of any sort whatever except those introduced by copyists and translators since it was written; and it is journalistic headquarters for the movement to exclude from institutions of learning any teaching inconsistent with this doctrine. From time to time it announces what it regards as encouraging beginnings of success in this movement.

Not only does the Sunday School Times deem the doctrine of evolution to be contrary to the truths for which it stands, but it perceives the close relation of the biological doctrine of evolution to the accepted outline of geology; and accordingly it campaigns, or at the very least it encourages its contributors to campaign, against the current teaching regarding the probable age of the earth, the processes by which the rocks have been built up, and the order of sequence in which different forms of life have appeared on earth. Whenever it can find professors of geology who will teach its preferred ideas on these points, it will certainly use its influence to get trustees to demand the appointment of such professors.

Publicity ought to be given to the fact that the Sunday School Times has hitherto refused to offer any specific discussion of the truth of Deuteronomy 14.7, "the hare and the coney, because they chew the cud." This text appears to have been inserted in the Bible by Divine Providence for the express purpose of making it impossible to hold that the Bible is literally free from error. For most of the indisputably false statements in the Bible admit of being explained away, plausibly or unplausibly, by the assumption that the original text has been wrongly copied, mistranslated, or misunderstood. Nobody can start any scandal, for instance, over the assertion of the original Hebrew that Saul was a year old when he became king (head and shoulders taller than the rest of the people), reigned two years until his death, and died leaving a grandson five years old. But Deuteronomy 14.7 is exempt from all such evasions. Nobody can devise any theory that it is wrongly copied or misunderstood. It is beyond dispute that the original author of that text shared the error of the poet Cowper in believing that the hare actually does chew

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the cud, and made the same error regarding the beast called "coney" in the English Bible.

It would be a public service if all those who revere the authority of the Sunday School Times (and they are many) could have their attention called to the fact that that paper dares not take up the question of the truth of Deuteronomy 14.7.

STEVEN J. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

The Church and Social Service

SIR: The New Republic has occasionally an editorial on some phase of church activity which indicates what seems to many of its readers a captious spirit towards the churches. An illustration of this appeared in your issue of March 29th with reference to a communication from the Massachusetts Federation of Churches to Senator Lodge.

I presume that the communication to the Senator from the Federation was occasioned by requests for cooperation from various societies. The Federal Council and state and local federations of churches are constantly appealed to in behalf of legislation, important and unimportant; and any particular letter to a representative in Congress may or may not represent a major interest of the Federation. It is apparent from the letter that federations should be careful about lending their influence to proposed legislation.

The further comment of the editorial seems to indicate lack of information about what the churches are actually doing in the social movement. For example, reference is made to the Russian famine, as if the churches were not deeply involved in relief. As a matter of fact, the Federal Council is one of the constituent groups in the Hoover organization and has at present two commissioners on the way to Russia. It has raised also independently a large sum of money, and the Massachusetts Federation is cooperating in what is being done. Individual denominations are giving directly through missionary societies and by popular subscription. The Massachusetts Federation is active in industrial questions. About a year ago last December the New Republic published its industrial platform. It has also been doing valuable work in the community relations of the churches of Massachusetts, especially in rural fields, in addition to the routine duties. The Federal Council and the National Catholic Welfare Council are acting jointly on the crisis in the coal industry, as they acted earlier in the investigation of the Denver street car strike. One could fill an issue of the New Republic with illustrations.

I hope the church will never object to fair criticism, and I know that it offers plenty of opportunities; but may one urge sympathetic as against captious criticism, and that the New Republic from time to time shall call attention to the encouraging program of social education and social action which the churches are developing. Under social education I refer to the new curriculum of the Sunday school and the correlated educational production by the Research Department of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, in which several denominations and the two Christian Associations are cooperating.

WORTH M. TIPPY, Executive Secretary,
Commission on the Church and Social Service.

New York City.

Golden Rule Nash

SIR: I was much interested in Elizabeth Ragan's article on Golden Rule Nash, for I heard him speak at the Reverend Percy Grant's church a few weeks ago and I was by no means impressed with his sincerity. He is an expert orator, and an excellent raconteur, but to me his sentiments did not ring true. In the middle of his impassioned declaration of love and sympathy for the downtrodden working man, a quiet, thoughtful looking woman, a stranger to me, leaned over and whispered that it was rumored he paid the lowest wages in Cincinnati, but it had not needed that to arouse my scepticism. The most revelatory basis for judgment he gave me himself. He was telling of a meeting of his Board of Directors which he had called for the purpose of telling them that the profits were still too high and that they must divide them again with their workers.

"They all voted to do it," said he, "there was a Jew among them, and he voted to, too, and I tell you when a Jew votes to give away any profits—well," the rest was lost in a shrug and laughter.

Instantly he was revealed to me in his true colors as fanatic as Ford. I could not possibly continue to respect him, for here he was pretending to live Jesus Christ, to follow his precepts more closely, more truly than almost anyone else, yet showing a contempt for the very people from whom Christ sprang, moreover, how could the Golden Rule possibly be his guide if he could indulge in cheap jibes at the expense of his fellow-men, even such as had intimate business relations with him? Was it possible he could fool himself with the idea that at that moment he was following the rule to do unto others only that which he would like done unto him?

No, that little speech offset all the rest of his two hour oration. He may preach the Golden Rule from city to city, from coast to coast, as a clever advertising dodge, but his spirit is surely not attuned to its spirit. Deep down, I am convinced that the only Golden Rule that moves him is the rule of obtaining all the gold he can!

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

The Burdens of the Armies of Occupation

SIR: Concerning the payment of debts, whether between peoples, or between individuals, there should be no discussion. However heavy the burden, neither a nation nor an individual can afford not to pay. And this is just as true of England, and France, and Italy, as it is of Germany and Russia. A future based upon any other principle rests upon sand.

So much for general principle.

In the concrete application to Germany another principle may be applied—a creditor nation should not add cruel usury to its bond.

Whether the support of an army of occupation amounts to cruel usury depends.

It seems to be the policy of France to maintain an army in excess of its needs for domestic policing—and it is my personal view that this policy has not the least taint of imperialistic designs.

But—in order to allocate any part of this burden to the conquered nation it should be entirely clear that save for the enforcement of payment of the war debt a corresponding number of troops would not be maintained—that the military burden would be by so much lighter.

It seems to me the question of the hour is, whether the normal military establishments of the creditor nations are adequate to enforce, if need be, compliance with the Treaty agreement. If so the burden of troops of occupation should be lifted from the shoulders of Germany. The right of occupation might well be retained—and if France should elect to quarter a section of her normal army upon German soil until the mortgage is lifted I can see no good objection. Certainly Germany is not in a position to protest.

The time seems to have arrived when the conquerors should not continue a single ounce of unnecessary burden upon the conquered.

JAMES H. HAMILTON.

Paris.

Books Free for Prisoners

SIR: Will you please publish this note to the effect that any prisoner, political or non-political, who makes the request, may obtain any of the books published by The Critic and Guide Company, absolutely free of charge?

The only solace left to prisoners is reading, and we wish to do a little something to lighten the misery of those of society's victims who have been unfortunate enough to be thrown behind prison bars.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M.D.

12 Mount Morris Park West,
New York City.

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The Crow's Nest

WHEN my father was in his thirties he decided to take up riding horseback. He joined a little riding club, which provided stabling and other conveniences; and after practising in there in the tanbark ring, he rode out in the Park.

The Park itself is only a tan-bark ring on a larger scale, nothing wild or adventurous; but it suited my father. He detests wildness—he's wild enough himself without any help from the landscape: he prefers things like landscapes and households to be orderly, and suitably arranged for his use. From this time on, he was as critical of the Park as he was of his home. He felt personally affronted for instance when papers were left lying about.

His first horse was a powerful bay by the name of Rob Roy. This horse didn't like my father, and my father had still less affection for him. But this was supposed to be of no importance—it was not even considered. Father bought him because he was spirited and sound, and well able to stand work; handsome too. He paid three hundred dollars for him, and expected him to do what he was told.

Rob Roy never looked upon the transaction in this way, however. He had an intense single-track nature; he was always thinking of his own point of view. Even if he *had* liked my father, this would have made trouble.

One typical scene between them, for example, occurred near the Park entrance. It was a warm autumn morning. Rob Roy and my father had trotted out of the club and into the Park, each thoroughly healthy and strong, and each intent on his thoughts. They made a fine sight as they went up the bridle path. All their plans coincided. But then a difference between them arose. My father wished to keep on. Rob Roy didn't. I don't know why Rob Roy wanted to stop; perhaps he didn't like the way Father rode him. Anyhow he began to make trouble. My father gave him a cut with his whip. Rob Roy whirled around. My father reined him up sharply and struck him again. Rob Roy reared.

As they fought, my father in his anger kept hitting Rob Roy; and Rob Roy in turn pawed the ground, and stamped on it, and tore it all up. They both perspired so freely that between them they must have lost gallons, and they both blindly stuck to their respective plans and would not give in.

But Rob Roy had the whole day before him, and my father did not—he had to get through his ride sometime and go to his office. He therefore decided that Rob Roy was crazy, and they returned to the club. Rob Roy was led off to his stall and rubbed down by a groom, and my father went to the dressing-room for members and was rubbed dry by Jim, the attendant.

Jim was a friendly old soul. "Have a nice ride, Mr. Day?" he would ask.

"Nice hell," my father would answer, and take his cane and go out.

These fierce morning combats gave our family a feeling of awe. We had never dreamed that anyone, man or beast, would attempt to resist Father's will. This rashness of Rob Roy's was like Satan's rebelling against God—it had a dark splendor about it, but to a believer like me it was full of horror.

In that fight between Satan and God, we are told that God won. There is a good deal of evidence around to the contrary, to a free-thinking mind, but nevertheless most of us accept the official announcement. In the long war between my father and Rob Roy, we always assumed Father won, but there too I now see that Rob Roy may have looked at it differently. For the way that my father won the war was by deciding to sell him.

To us boys this seemed like a banishment. It made Rob Roy an outcast. Perhaps it only meant to him meeting a rider less uncongenial; but to us it seemed like obliterating him from the world, in the prime of his life. For years afterward he was spoken of as a strange being, a queer, insane creature, who had unaccountably and vainly attempted to disobey Father.

Rob Roy was a thorough-bred. His successor, Confucius, was more middle-class. Rob Roy was an adventurer. Confucius was a philosopher. Philosophers are as great-hearted as adventurers, but for the most part more docile. Confucius trotted wherever my father said, in any direction. He never once reared, never stamped on the ground, never snorted. There were sometimes little differences of opinion between him and my father, because Confucius got tired sooner than Father did, and wanted to stop. But he never made a direct issue of it, never fought for his rights; he tried to get them by passive resistance, rather, or by mild forms of sabotage. For instance, my father would set out with the plan in his mind of having a glorious gallop, up hill and down dale. Well, Confucius, who had to do the galloping, would keep it up for awhile—would keep it up far longer in fact than he had ever intended; for he found that a whip kept landing on his flank whenever he started to slacken. But, as he lost heart in the expedition, he also lost spring; and finally he would thump along so heavily that my father let up.

In general however the two got along very well. My father became enthusiastic about the pleasure of riding. Being a hearty, expansive man, he talked of this often, at home. He talked of it so much, in fact, that my mother began to feel he was selfish, in that he was keeping a pleasure for himself which should be shared with his family. If riding around the Park was so exhilarating, she said we all ought to do it.

My father said he wished that we could, but there was only one horse.

This silenced the family for awhile; but soon my mother spoke up: she didn't see why the rest of us couldn't ride the horse when Father was through.

The unreasonableness and impracticability of this idea made my father quite hot. It showed how little my mother knew about anything, especially horses, he said. He explained that Confucius was inclined to be sluggish already, and that he wouldn't be fresh enough for a man to ride if he did extra work.

My mother said firmly, then Father should get some more horses.

This took him very much aback. He always meant to do the right thing by us; and he began to fear that now his own goodness of heart was going to get him in trouble. His feeling was that when he innocently had gone in for riding, himself, he had never contemplated having to spend enough to mount the whole family. He said that if he had foreseen that we all would be wanting to ride through the Park, just because he, a hard-working man, got a little relief in that way, he would have gone without the relief, dammit. He would now. He'd sell out.

Of course he had no intention of doing this. Instead he bought one more horse. But what happened to that horse and the rest of us is a separate chapter.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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Books and Things

EXCESSIVE praise of Samuel Butler by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Arnold Bennett sent many American readers to The Way of All Flesh. It was therefore useful praise. It brought Butler and his natural enjoyers together. And it did no one any harm. Butler is so odd, and his oddities are so unhidden and so bristling and prickly, that nobody could read a hundred pages of him and still mistake what Mr. Bennett said or what Mr. Shaw said for what is called the truth. Mr. Galsworthy, I imagine, has done many readers of Mr. W. H. Hudson a like service.

But is excessive praise a competent instrument in the case of an author whose readers, looking backward, think they rather overrated him once upon a time, and who has more or less lost his vogue? Sometimes. Such a case is easily supposed. If Mr. Arnold Bennett or Mr. Shaw or Mr. Chesterton should turn to and praise Thackeray with extravagance, I am sure that I should reread a good deal of Thackeray, and that several hundred people would do likewise.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton appears to think, appears for several years to have been thinking, that then and now taken together are the right moment for praising Sir Arthur Pinero. I incline to a dissenting opinion. For praise such as Mr. Hamilton deals in, the time strikes me as having passed. In the years which followed the production of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (1893), and which include the production of The Thunderbolt (1908), it was not so unpersuasive as it is today to write of Pinero in this strain: "Yet not only is an intricate story completely expounded in this initial act [of The Thunderbolt], but also the characters of all these dozen people are intimately drawn, in a dialogue that flutters all around the stage in crisp sentences and phrases that reveal entirely the individual natures of the speakers. Only a playwright can fully realize the difficulty of this technical task and the grace of its accomplishment." Today this kind of praise provokes many readers to disagree. "Grace" is a word which critics of Sir Arthur Pinero need not know. "Flutter" implies a lighter movement than his dialogue's movement. By reminding us of a dialogue that does flutter, the dialogue of Comédies et Proverbes, Mr. Hamilton disserves Pinero unintentionally. The men and women who people the first act of The Thunderbolt do not "entirely reveal" each his individual nature. Each of them reveals enough for Pinero's purposes, and in all but one or two instances the revelation is admirably distinct. Rebelling against some of Mr. Hamilton's assertions, we are likely to overlook the justice of others, as for example that in this same first act "an intricate story" is "completely expounded."

Of course I do not accuse Mr. Hamilton of uttering praise that he thinks excessive. My guess is that the most he would own to is a slight raising of his voice here and there, designed to reach the ears of a generation grown a little hard of hearing when Sir Arthur Pinero's merits are being talked of. Nor do I mean that Mr. Hamilton always talks too loud to be persuasive. In this fourth volume—The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero (New York: Dutton. $5.00)—as in the earlier volumes, his prefaces are excellent whenever they deal with technique. He writes what it is nowadays the fashion, I am told, to call first-rate workshop stuff. In the introduction to this new volume, which consists of The Thunderbolt and Mid-Channel, the reader will find, besides, a good deal of interesting information; biographical facts, bits of Sir Arthur's talk.

A curious trait in the prefaces is Mr. Hamilton's habit of going out of his way, unnecessarily, in order to give himself away. As here: "This great ethical principle, that people must be judged not by their unpremeditated deeds, but by their abiding and essential personality, was clearly expounded, many centuries ago, by the wisest of all men, Dante Alighieri; but it is often lost sight of in modern art by authors whose vision is less clear than that of Sir Arthur Pinero." What is the matter with that sentence? Everything is the matter with it. The rule cited with approval by Mr. Hamilton is not a great ethical principle or a great anything. In so far as it means that to judge a man or a woman by a single one out of multitudinous deeds, be that one deed bad or good, is to generalize on too little evidence, the rule is common sense, applied oftenest with intent to be generous, if not forgiving. But nowadays even the infant class in psychology is aware that no deed, however unpremeditated, is done without preparation of one sort or another.

And why call Dante, so gratuitously, the wisest of all men? Even I, who rather pride myself on believing that there is no wisest man, cannot without difficulty refrain from entering four or five candidates for the vacant post against Dante. Didn't George Eliot know more, I will not say than the real Dante, but than Mr. Hamilton's Dante, about the nature of unpremeditated acts? Didn't she say, in Romola: "Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character"? Nowadays, to be sure, we should leave out "of good or evil" and put some less restrictive phrase in its place. We believe that the past flows on into the present and determines it through channels more numerous than those which even the most annexationist among moralists would think of calling evil or good. One of the causes, as we say, of my killing my king in February may have been my adoption of starched collars in July.

Once in a while I notice, too, a tendency of Mr. Hamilton's to stretch his partiality for Sir Arthur Pinero into a partiality for Sir Arthur's heroines. He says of Mrs. Theodore Blundell: "Zoe has dallied in Italy with a young and caddish cub to whom she has succumbed in a moment of weakness." But Zoe herself has kept count more accurately. She reminds her lover, reproachfully, that she "succumbed to" him "at Perugia and at Siena and at—!" If these occasions add up into a moment of weakness they constitute some moment. Verweile doch, du bist so schön, the lovers must have said to it, and so it obliged with a little verweiling. This tendency is to my taste one of many pleasant traits that compose Mr. Hamilton. Wasn't there once an English captain who fought a duel, somewhere in Spain, with a French officer who said he did not believe in Ophelia's chastity?

"It is not at all excessive to assert that no finer dramatic composition has been written in the English language within the first two decades of the twentieth century." Mr. Hamilton is speaking of Mid-Channel, and I quote the sentence because it is a fair sample of his style, so much more dogmatic than he, and also because it gives me a chance to warn young new readers away from Mid-Channel. The Thunderbolt it is much more their affair. It is Sir Arthur Pinero's best play, I think. It is grim and kind and ends happily, in the division of money enough to go round. Its people do not "talk with an effort to be natural," that effort which Mr. Arthur Symons noticed twenty years ago as a characteristic of Pinero dialogue. In The Thunderbolt Sir Arthur has written to please that one of his selves who is best worth pleasing. P. L.

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On the Trail of the Truth

The Secret Places of the Heart, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

OF all those who feed on the apple of life, Mr. Wells is beyond doubt the most voracious. He is always biting new and large chunks from it. Frailer people often find their taste for the apple spoiled by a wriggling, sceptical worm. But the tenant of Mr. Wells's apple is a creature less of doubt than of restlessness, a healthy exploring beast, curled up in the form of a question mark, whose presence but gives the apple a more delicious flavor.

There is more worm and less apple in The Secret Places of the Heart than in any other novel of his I can think of. That is if one rules out The Undying Fire as not being a novel at all.

To change the figure: For Mr. Wells's mind the world is as full of fascinating trails as a forest is to a keen-scented hound. He has run many of them down. Readers who were in at the death have felt that the supreme moment when the hunted Idea turned snarling in its tracks was not so worth while as the chase itself—always interesting, thrilling at the best; they have felt the greatest day's hunting with Mr. Wells was that day on which most trails turned up and fewest were run to cover, a day which combined baffled questioning trampings about in a circle, when no Answer was on the wind, with the long glorious gallop, down the centuries and all across history, after a hot scent.

Did you ever hear hounds baying, as they follow up their quarry? Not more nobly does Mr. Wells give tongue, when he is on the trail of Truth.

Mr. Wells is always hunting the truth in any form. The particular beasts of that stripe he is out for in his latest novel are the truth about Women, Fuel, and Prehistoric Englishmen. He calls it a chase into the Secret Places of the Heart. He circumnavigates that holy of holies, he catches sight of it for brief moments, but he never quite gets there. Perhaps there are several Places, and when he is in one of them the Secret is in another.

The search is conducted by Sir Richmond Hardy, head of the Fuel Commission, with the help of Dr. Martineau (who may be described as a psychoanalyst), to which confessor he appeals because he "jangles damnably," feels "not a man, but a mob," a mob of cross-purposes, of desires to pull his fuel job through, and other longings to be lazy, idle, vicious. They plan an automobile trip, "three-weeks of self-vivisection." Together they plumb the depths of Sir Richmond's soul, and find the chief source of his disorder—women. Sir Richmond's life has been a succession of extra-marital intrigues. Without women he would be "a worker ant, a soulless rage, making much, valuing nothing." Yet he is not exactly sensual: for all the time he has been seeking for something else, for something to satisfy "a craving for a particular sort of life-giving companionship," for help and reassurance in his loneliness. In this and other ways he shows an irritable yet healthy longing for the unattainable. Dr. Martineau is nearly passive. For the most part we have a monologue from Sir Richmond, searching, passionate, candid, burning with a restless, brilliant fire of eloquence.

He is by no means always talking of himself. He is much more worried by the state of the world. In this respect the blood of Mr. Wells seems to seethe in his veins. He complains of our assurance before the war that the System would go on. "It was like a bird building its nest of frozen snakes." He shares our post-war generation's "epidemic sense of a coming smash." He feels keenly his responsibility, even if to him "this planet is a little ball of oxides and nickel steel; life a sort of tarnish on its surface."

What does he want? What is he after? "Isn't there some greater desire at the back of the human mind," the doctor suggests, "which refuses to be content with pleasure as an end?" "There is no such greater desire" answers Sir Richmond. "You cannot name it. It is just blind drive. . . . At the most you can say that the rage in life is seeking its desire and hasn't found it."

It was after some such absorbed, penetrating remark as this that Dr. Martineau "realized the boldness and liveliness of his companion's mind." Which clinched a growing suspicion, in my mind, that Sir Richmond and Mr. Wells are one and the same person. They have the same hearty, nervous curiosity, they take, in the same swift and colored phrases, awful plunges into an infinite unknown space which is somehow never abstract, and reappear with explosive generalizations, usually illuminating, often profound. Mr. Wells, under the alias of the schoolmaster in The Undying Fire, did the same thing. In the process, what started out to be a novel very soon becomes another vehicle for what Mr. Wells has to say. He launches a story, manning it with ideas, who mutiny, swarm over its decks and scuttle it at last. His voice booms through Sir Richmond—of whose monologue the book is chiefly a record—it cannot refrain from speaking through the American girl, and even poor cast-off Martineau himself. For the confessor is dismissed half-way through. With the arrival of the beautiful American (named Grammont, after so many others of her race) the search for the Secret Places is off. The Grail Hunt suddenly takes an intimate turn. A female red-herring has been dragged across the trail. As Miss Grammont says, "The private life has a way of coming aboard again." From here on the book has strange turns and fine flashes, but its back is broken.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Cooperative Movement

The Consumers Cooperative Movement, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans Green and Company. $6.50.

ALL the qualities that have made Mr. and Mrs. Webb the first of English publicists have gone to the making of this book. There is the same breadth of view, the same inexhaustible patience in investigation, the same profound command of the facts, that have given their studies of trade unionism a permanent place in English literature. They have an epic story to tell; but the great virtue of their book is that, while entirely admirable as a description of a very complex system of federal institutions, it has a most suggestive analysis of future possibilities. Anyone who looks at the English cooperative movement tends, at first sight, to be estopped from criticism by the very remarkable development it represents. But while Mr. and Mrs. Webb give the cooperators their due meed of praise, they have not hesitated, also, to point out the defects of the structure. The result is a work not less valuable than their classic essay on industrial democracy.

And the defects themselves are worth studying for the meaning they imply. The cooperators, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb show clearly, have barely attempted to work out in detail a satisfactory theory of their relation to their

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employees. They treat their servants better than they are treated in private industry; but there is no way of life implied in the systems which obtain. Consumers' control, in other words, does not supply a solution for the problem of self-government in industry. Nor is the interest of the body of cooperators in the processes of the movement at all adequate. The vast democracy of purchasers move to and fro within the shops with but little realization that those shops imply a philosophy. Here, as elsewhere, democracy is less interested in the technique than in the result; and the intellectual side of cooperation is by all odds its weakest aspect. Frankly, the main body of its literature, both propagandist and critical, is of appalling quality; and there is too little understanding of the fact that trained people are necessary to its provision. Mr. and Mrs. Webb note, what the most superficial investigator discovers, the complacency of the movement. It has grown so abundingly, and supplied so great a need, that its promoters have never really troubled themselves to think out its social implications. What is its political aspect? Can it supplant private initiative? How can it make its employees creative, while the sovereignty of the consumer is attained? What can it do to interest the purchaser in something beyond the cheapness of its wares and the dividend on purchases ? How can it add artistic quality to the patent benefits of mass production?

Mr. and Mrs. Webb deal most suggestively with these questions in the important last chapter of their book—a chapter, it may be added, which no student of political institutions can afford to neglect. If we accept their view that the era of capitalist control has reached its apogee, it is difficult to deny their conclusion that the cooperative movement will assume increasing importance. They reject decisively Mr. Cole's theory of its future in a guild socialist society. They think his view of "ownership" inadequate. They think the idea of "national" guilds incompatible with the diversified and interlaced enterprises which cooperation represents. They agree that cooperation will have to recognize increasingly the demand for worker's control. But they do not believe that democracies of producers are capable of organizing production with success. Quite justifiably, they point out that the experiment has been tried in thousands of instances and that "a single lasting success" (p. 463) cannot be shown. That is quite true. But I think that Mr. Cole could be justified in replying that we are on the eve of new experiments in the organization of production, and that in forms like the "collective contract" now being used in the building trades it is possible that new experience will point the way to notable improvement. They are, I think, unquestionably right in their insistence that to no vocation can ever be left the complete control of its functions. They are, too, not less right in arguing that the true source of finality must be found outside the producers in the body of consumers. But the decentralization of control is clearly likely to open up avenues to experiments on a much wider scale than we have dreamed possible. It is not sufficiently remembered how greatly an idea like that of industrial self-government needs the most careful quantitative analysis. Mr. Cole, for instance, always writes as though every worker was not less anxious for independence than himself. The truth is that the persons who seek the opportunity of expression in industry itself are limited in number, though they are, of course, far more numerous than those now satisfied. Nor must the limitation be omitted that a discipline is involved by the mere fact that our population demands a great productivity. No self-control can be admitted to the producer which endangers the continuous supply of goods and services. No self-organization is advisable save when it can be shown that the powers devolved will result in the improvement of the service afforded. A good, technical study of the meaning of industrial self-government would clear up much that is very confused in contemporary discussion.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb say much of the future of the Cooperative Movement as an agency of internationalism; one notes that little is said of the American prospect in that regard. Almost the last talk I had with Lord Bryce before his death drew from him the remark that the time had come for America to organize a cooperative movement on the grand scale. He thought its advent likely, now that the first ease of acquisitiveness had been exhausted, and he valued highly its possibilities as a political training ground. One realizes, of course, that the problem, particularly in scale, is vastly bigger in America than in England; though Mr. James Ford has recounted some interesting experiments in Massachusetts and here, as elsewhere, I believe that Mr. Sidney Hillman has some creative hopes in prospect. Certainly the value of the Cooperative Movement to the self-respect and initiative of the English worker has been immeasurable. I do not see why it should be otherwise, elsewhere.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Teaching of Jesus

Towards the Understanding of Jesus and other historical studies, by Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

PROFESSOR SIMKHOVITCH'S essay towards the understanding of Jesus is an illuminating statement of one side of the problem presented by the imperfect records of the gospels. The problem as a whole is this. According to the Synoptic record Jesus regarded himself as less important than his teaching. To show men how they should live, and how they should do the will of God, not how they ought to think about himself, was his object in preaching. But he surely had in a supreme degree the quality of arresting attention; and it was this power rather than the contents of his teaching which created a little group of disciples who remained faithful to their master, even after the tragedy of his death, and felt certain that the future would reverse the verdict of society and show him as the central figure in the plan of God for a regenerated world. Even in Jerusalem within a few months of his death opinion about Jesus was eclipsing the teaching of Jesus. Persecuted for the intensity of their belief, his disciples and their converts left Palestine and established themselves in the gentile world. Here the figure of Jesus, magnified and perhaps distorted by the thoughts of men who had never seem him, became the centre of a cult which, like the other private religions of the period, offered its adherents the gift of immortality. The teaching of Jesus slipped into the background and has never been the dominant feature of official Christianity from that day to this. It is extremely unlikely that Jesus would recognize in the church of today the fulfillment of any of his ideals, or that he would regard Christians, from the second century to the twentieth, as men who were guided by his teaching. Nor have they been. The central point of the church has always been the

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teaching about Christ rather than the teaching of Christ. The historian has therefore at least three allied questions before him; to decide what was the teaching of Jesus; to reconstruct the teaching about Jesus; and to explain how the centre of gravity changed from one point to the other. Some day it may be possible to deal with these three points in a single book. Meanwhile they are best dealt with separately.

The essay of Professor Simkhovitch deals only with the first. To the professional theologian it seems to suffer a little from ignoring the results of literary criticism. Every now and then passages from the earliest strata in the gospels are mixed up with those which belong to the latest period. Nevertheless, though one's critical susceptibilities are occasionally shocked, it is pleasant to admit freely that Professor Simkhovitch is far superior to most writers on the subject in his steady grasp and clear presentation of the historical factors in the problem. He sees very plainly that the dominant feature in the background is the struggle between Jerusalem and Rome. The prophecy of Zechariah was being fulfilled, "It is thy sons, O Greece, against thy sons, O Zion." Jesus was in agreement neither with the foolishness of the Zealots, who wished to fight the invincible power of Rome, nor with the despair of the governing classes, who were willing to see the special message of Israel swallowed up in the flood of Hellenism. Neither hatred nor submission, but goodwill and an independence based on the consciousness of a higher spiritual inheritance was the policy offered by Jesus. Such at least is, I think, a fair statement of Professor Simkhovitch's view though, like all well written books, his statements are hard to condense. I think that he is right; and I know no book which states the facts better. One of the most remarkable facts in the religious life of today is the way in which the non-theological world is rediscovering the teaching of Jesus almost as fast as it is abandoning the teaching of the church about him. Such teaching is infinitely higher, more difficult to follow and more important to preach than anything which is characteristic of Christian teaching in the ordinary sense, and I am deeply grateful to Professor Simkhovitch for stating it so forcibly and so well.

I am not sure how far he is right on some minor points. For instance, in chapter VIII he asks whether Jesus had a unique intellectual insight. All great men are unique. What is the meaning of the sentence on page 59, that Christ knew that he had not a relative but an absolute insight? If that means what is seems to mean I doubt if it be true; if it merely means that Jesus was rightly conscious of the truth of his teaching it might have been stated more simply.

KIRSOPP LAKE.

O Pioneers!

Vandemark's Folly, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

NOT many American writers have used as material the great migration of pioneer settlers into the northern tier of the states west of the Mississippi during the middle of the last century. Seen in retrospect, it appears as a picturesque and vivid episode in our history, and moreover it satisfies a deep-rooted American instinct, for it had a happy ending: Either the pioneers themselves got rich, or they endowed with wealth the bankers who followed hard upon their heels lending money for farm equipment, taking first mortgages and then waiting philosophically for two successive years of drouth.

There is a small group of American authors who, from accident of birth or environment, have come to know the epic of the prairie pioneer—a group of which Herbert Quick, Hamlin Garland, Emerson Hough and Arthur Stringer are examples. For them the story of the settlers has a persisting fascination—a fascination which could not possibly be understood by the land seekers themselves, who found their life the plainest of prose. There were Indians, but not many; and rarely did their covert hostility flame out into such incidents as the Spirit Lake massacre. Cyclones and blizzards and prairie fires are dangerous, and sometimes spectacular; but no son of the flat country would admit that they possess the wild poetic beauty of a storm at sea; to him, on the contrary, they are merely an unmitigated nuisance. The prairie has beauty, but it is a subtle hidden beauty, which reveals itself only under long and patient observation. The pioneer, even when he has an eye for nature's harmony, has no time to use it; he must get the chores done.

Mr. Quick in his Vandemark's Folly faces this problem frankly and does not for the purposes of his story make the prairie better or worse than it was. His hero is romantical; but always within the sober limits permitted to an American in the fifties. Jacobus Teunis Vandemark, who tells the tale and is its chief character, is one of the first settlers to break ground in northern Iowa; and lives to look back on his early struggles there from the perspective of today's prosperous countryside, with its scientific agriculture, good roads, automobiles and insistent assertion of the farmers' power both in local economics and national politics. The author has not written the great American novel, nor has he attempted it. His honest, unpretentious love story of the Dutch lad who grows up from being a boat boy on the Erie Canal to drive cattle overland from Wisconsin and rescue Virginia Royall, the Kentucky girl from the usual cynical handsome villain, is only the pointer with which he captures our attention to show us the beloved prairie, with its rolling hills, its tiny flowers in the grass, its placid shallow rivers fringed with cottonwood and willow.

A particularly captious critic might demand that Mr. Quick should have told about the prairie he so obviously knows and loves, without dragging in characters and a plot; but for my part I am glad to welcome a well-turned tale, done with workman-like skill and count as added gain the picture one gets of the broad midlands as they lay seventy years ago ripe and ready for the plow. No doubt ten persons will read this story for every one who would have been interested in the same picture of life cast in the form of history or biography. Moreover it may be argued that if the persons in Mr. Quick's story have a brisk externality about them, concerning themselves almost entirely with the surface facts of life, this is a characteristic of the pioneers themselves. Human relationships do not become psychologically complicated and subtle save in the interstices of an old, sophisticated and leisurely civilization. If the Freudians had not spoiled the word "extroverted," it would apply exactly to these simple Americans who moved out across the prairie, and fighting hard to gain a foothold there, created their own type of civilization. The communities they built were subsequently to be severely criticized, but that was no affair of the pioneers'—nor Mr. Quick's. Vandemark's Folly is not an answer to Main

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Street. It ignores the implications of Mr. Lewis' book, and quite rightly. In the days of the first settlers there was too much work needing to be done, for the prairie civilization to go sour. Mr. Quick is content to show us what that work was, and how it was performed.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Poetry of Ireland

Anthology of Irish Verse, edited with an introduction by Padraic Colum. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

THE distinctive contribution of Mr. Colum's excellent anthology is a dual service. For the book is both an uniquely revealing record of the racial experience of the Irish people, and an eloquently persuasive introduction to the literature in which it has found most subtle expression.

No other modern literature is as deliberately or inevitably integrated in racial feeling and memory as that of Ireland; despite the multiplicity of its individual and personal insights, its abiding preoccupations relate always to the imaginative syntheses of a people. Possibly the very source of its power and its enchantment lies in an aesthetic identification with the pattern of national life and the dominant moods of race-consciousness. Certainly not the least notable quality of Irish poetry is the naïve and lyrical immediacy of its revelation of experience and the profound correspondence which it has both with the external order of reality and the inward life of the spirit.

A sense of this special magic, a feeling that alone, perhaps, among modern literatures Irish poetry has made the domain of the spirit not alien, but domestic territory, intimate and familiar, is likely to be the first impression which this anthology conveys to the reader. With this, too, comes a recognition of the beauty which the Irish mind distils from its contacts with the things of daily life, of the capacity of the Irish poet for expressing himself, as Thomas MacDonagh said, "in the simplest terms of life and of the common furniture of life." Behind these qualities, and producing them, as Mr. Colum shows in the charming and penetrating essay with which he prefaces his anthology, stands the resurgence of national feeling, the return upon a culture and a civilization and a tradition racially distinctive in its intellectual discipline and its emotional content. This return upon Gaelic culture has meant more than a merely literary revival of interest in the old heroic legends; or the cultivation for literary use of the vigorous, poetic and colloquial idiom of agricultural Ireland, or the discovery of peasant life as the subject matter of literature. It has brought these into literature, certainly, but it has done so because they are authentically indigenous to the soil. In the Gaelic legends are the serious interpretations of life of the race; in the Gaelic language and in Anglo-Irish are its native speech; in the life of the countryside is its contemporary experience.

The architecture of Mr. Colum's anthology, the fact that the poems are grouped according to dominant national themes, emphasizes the vital relation of Irish literature to Irish life, and it serves also in giving us what seems to me to be the first adequate picture of the whole range of that life in all its variety. The first section reflects the pattern and the rhythm of Irish countryside life, its color, its poignant beauty, its salty humor, its mystic religious fervor, and the indwelling presence of a fairy world never remote from its daily activities. Through all the poems runs the superb and abiding dedication to the land, with which, as Mr. Colum observes, Irish poetry begins. These poems of the house, the road, the field, the fair and the fireside are instinct with a spell that seems to proceed from long brooding over the beauty of simple and familiar things, an imaginative flowering of the significance which has accreted to them through generations of association. It is the characteristic quality that moves us, for example, in these verses from Mr. Colum's poem, A Drover:

O! the smell of the beasts,
The wet wind in the morn;
And the proud and hard earth
Never broken for corn;

And the crowds at the fair,
The herds loosened and blind,
Loud words and dark faces
And the wild blood behind.

or, in a different way, in these lines from a poem translated from the Gaelic by Thomas MacDonagh:

But sweeter than violin or lute
Is my love—and she left me behind.
I wish that all music were mute
And I to all beauty were blind.

She's more shapely than swan by the strand,
She's more radiant than grass after dew,
She's more fair than the stars where they stand—
'Tis my grief that her ever I knew!

The second section of the anthology contains a collection of street songs and countryside songs, mainly anonymous. These poems, Gaelic in technique and in feeling, songs of personal emotion and dramatic ballads of the crowd, reveal how normally in Ireland poetry has always been a natural expression of life. For many readers, especially for those who are unacquainted with this body of folk-poetry, this section of Mr. Colum's anthology will have a special and distinctive appeal to the imagination. The poems range in mood from the tonic irony of Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye, which has all the saline vigor of Synge, to the exquisite simplicity of I Know Where I'm Going:

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I'll have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair
And a ring for every finger.

Feather beds are soft,
Painted rooms are bonny;
But I'd leave them all
To go with my love Johnny.

It contains too, such familiar poems as The Shan Van Vocht, The Rising of the Moon, and The Boyne Water. "These songs," as Mr. Colum says, "are a distinctive national possession, and, in many cases, they have been a medium through which Gaelic influences have passed into English." But they have an even more subtle interest for us because they afford a direct and immediate contact with the racial mind and emotions in the actual process of self-expression.

The third section of the anthology brings us to The Celtic World and the Realm of Faery. In this section Mr. Colum has included a number of rarely beautiful reweavings of the old Gaelic legends in which the aspira-

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tions and dreams of the Irish people achieve final and enduring statement. Into these legends has gone the spiritual interpretation of life of a race throughout the centuries and they stir the imagination by their passionate refashioning of experience into an ideal beauty. There are likewise in this section some exquisite poems, such as Seumas O'Sullivan's The Others, Ledwidge's The Shadow People, and Allingham's The Fairies which evoke the world of familiar presences who inhabit the Irish countryside. Nothing so finely distinguishes the folk lore of Ireland from that of other imaginative peoples as does the sensitive poetry immanent in its animistic conception of nature. An abiding Catholicism has added to it only explanation; it has not shaken the primitive and poetic faith.

The poems of place and poems of exile which Mr. Colum has chosen for the fourth section of his anthology present the color and shade of the Irish landscape, the loveliness of mountain and lake, of field and of hedgerow. They are in the quivering rhythms of O'Sullivan's lyrics, in the burnished images of Joseph Campbell, who preserves in his verse the quality of painting, in the tender humor of Moira O'Neill's Corrymeela. A group of satires and laments reveal the exuberant invective and the mordant irony which edges the Irish temperament, and makes generally available for the first time some translations of the caoine, the passionate, wailing poems of lamentation that are unlike any other elegiac poetry. In this section are a number of very beautiful verses arising from the Easter Rebellion. The two remaining groups of the anthology are devoted to poems specifically dealing with the heritage of Irish history and the national consciousness, and a finely selected series of personal poems.

A curiously subtle art and that delicate perception of the spirit which we are accustomed to think of as poetic insight have gone into the making of this book. Despite the extensive critical discussion which the literature of the Irish renaissance has received, it is to Mr. Colum's anthology that one may most profitably turn for an understanding of the significance of its contribution to our aesthetic experience. In some three hundred and forty pages he has concentrated the magic and noble beauty through which the Gaelic tradition and Gaelic spirit will eternally exercise a dominion over the imagination and the mind.

LLOYD R. MORRIS.

Working Women

Working With the Working Woman, by Cornelia Stratton Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

THESE six adventures among working women are interestingly set down. In her introduction Mrs. Parker says: "I wanted to see the world through their eyes—for the time being to close my own altogether." Fortunately, in spite of her desires, the author was most unsuccessful in suppressing her own personality, for the worth of the book lies principally in its humor and freshness and vigor. The impression one keeps when the book is closed is of a small, bright, energetic meteor flashing unforgettably through six dark factory-skies.

Whether or not the book is illuminating depends very largely on the social condition of the reader. It must come as a revelation to the women who have never left their homes, or to girls still in school. But it is in many ways an incomplete picture. When the day was over, Mrs. Parker got into her faded green tam and her worn coat and went—to a small bed room? To a crowded flat in the Bronx or Queens? To an East Side tenement? Oh, not at all! Each night she went home to mental and physical and spiritual refreshment; to an outside viewpoint, and, probably, a sympathetic audience. And so she gets only part of the picture; she fails to reproduce the fatalism which is so large an element in the working woman's apparently contented acceptance of her job.

In the last chapter Mrs. Parker draws a few conclusions. On the grounds of her experience in these six factories she divides Labor into three groups: 1. Labor or class-conscious group; 2. Industrially conscious group; 3. Industrially non-conscious group: the inert, uninterested workers, who blindly do their tasks from day to day. "Peace, efficiency, production in industry can come only as Group 2 increases." In this whole last chapter Mrs. Parker is speaking of both men and women, and in doing so she over-simplifies her problem, for she implies that it is as easy to get feminine Group 3 into Group 2 as it is to convert its masculine members.

As Mrs. Parker observes, the greater number of women workers belong to the Industrially Non-conscious group. Women in industry are still, however numerically large their group may be, anomalies and phenomena. The factory job is not the working woman's life work, and she knows it, or at the most desperate she hopes it. Men, on the other hand, are aware quite early that they are citizens of the state of Industry. Marriage does not change their work, it clinches its inevitability.

Women who are industrially conscious are for the most part college-trained or economics-read, or those who by force of circumstance stand in relation to their jobs as men stand. Women, in short, who are educated either by life or academic training. If this is true, Mrs. Parker's suggestion, that some of the responsibility of each individual business be shifted to the untrained shoulders of the workers, seems a more immediate but less effective method of accomplishing her desire than the incorporation of industrial consciousness into our grade and high-school education would be.

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